Chronicles

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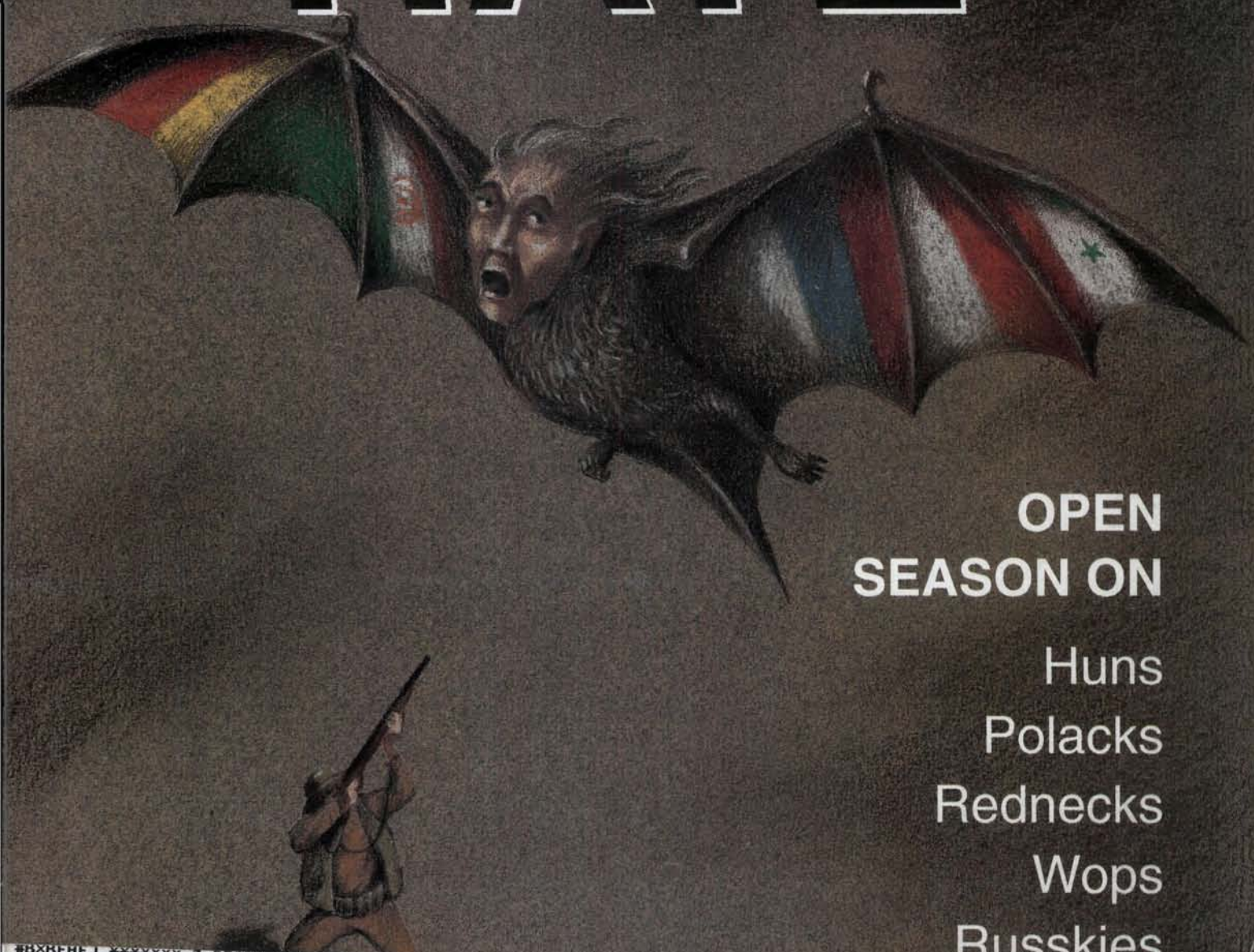

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Traditional Catholicism Is Back! In Force!

Not long ago it was assumed that traditional Catholicism in the U.S. had no intellectual standing, was inconsequential, and could safely be ignored. After all, it was said, there aren't even enough intelligent traditional Catholics to support a magazine of ideas. That was around 1977, when liberal Protestants had *The Christian Century*, liberal Catholics had *Commonweal* and *America*, evangelicals had *Christianity Today*, and Jews had *Commentary*, but traditional Catholics had nothing comparable. Yes, traditional Catholics had newspapers and various highly specialized periodicals, but no general-interest magazine of ideas, an indispensable thing to have because ideas have consequences, but *only if* they reach the generally-educated reader. Such was the sorry state of traditional Catholicism.

Defying all the odds and naysayers, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, with its name taken from the 19th-century Oxford Movement, was founded in 1977. When shortly thereafter Pope John Paul II appeared on the scene, and lowered the boom on dissenting theologian Hans Küng and providentially began his crusade to revitalize the Faith, we at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW immediately supported the Holy Father.

Although, curiously, we were *Anglo*-Catholic, we ran full-page ads with the shockingly unfashionable headline, "Support the Pope." Those ads, plus the novelty of Anglicans supporting a muscular Pope, attracted the attention of *Newsweek*, which did an article on us, noting our "childlike exuberance" and saying it's "probably only a matter of time" before we, like Newman of Oxford Movement fame, "drop anchor in Rome." With our October 1983 issue, we fulfilled that prophecy by becoming *Roman* Catholic.

If the NEW OXFORD REVIEW has only one achievement, it's this: At a critical time we proved that a high-grade magazine of ideas which supports a forceful papacy *could* exist, and that traditional Catholicism was *not* intellectually moribund in the U.S.

Happily, today there are many such magazines. Each has a distinct personality, but taken together they unmistakably demonstrate that traditional Catholicism *is back* — and *in force*.

Indeed, traditional Catholicism is the dynamic force in the U.S. Catholic Church today. Significantly, there are now more traditional Catholic magazines of ideas than liberal Catholic ones. And the combined circulation of the traditional ones far exceeds that of the liberal ones. This likely means that, with grace and continued leadership from Rome, the ideas circulated in the traditional magazines will eventually become the dominant ideas in Catholic schools, colleges, and universities, and in seminaries and parishes. This will add up to a revolution in U.S. Catholicism.

But the liberals haven't given up, and are fighting back. We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, a monthly magazine acclaimed by the *Los Angeles Times* as "influential" and by *Our Sunday Visitor* as "thought-provoking," know that the battle of ideas is still far from won. We're pressing forward. To arm yourself for the battles ahead, subscribe today!

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Chronicles

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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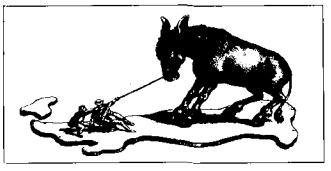

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Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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On Self-Hatred

I have generally found myself agreeing with Jacob Neusner in his articles for *Chronicles*. I must, however, question his interpretation ("Haters and Self-Haters," October 1996) of the "Anti-Jewists" excoriated by Edward Alexander in *The Jewish Wars: Reflections by One of the Belligerents*. The phenomenon of a people "so emotionally and mentally twisted" as to despise their own brethren and hold their defenders to a higher standard of behavior than their enemies is commonplace in the West. The history of conflicts between Westerners and the Third World since 1945 provides many examples of this pathology. If anything, Israel has suffered less than have other Western states. Jewish self-hatred is only a minor variant of the phenomenon of white self-hatred.

Let us merely compare the horror expressed by Western and Israeli liberals over the Lod Airport massacre and the various hijackings with the absence of any response (save joy) over the downing of two Rhodesian Viscount airliners by Nkomo's guerrillas. The threat by Arafat and others to "drive the Jews into the sea" has been rightly denounced even by "self-haters" such as Michael Lerner. However, the 1.3 million European colonists in Algeria, people who actually suffered the fate threatened for the Jews, have received little pity, even from the right, in France or anywhere else. As Ionesco wrote: "They never show us how the Algerians put out the eyes of French children, that's not done"; rather French playwrights invited their countrymen to condemn the sins of the White Man.

The examples are endless: one Somali is killed and the entire Canadian Airborne Regiment is disbanded. Even against white enemies Western armies are held to a ridiculously unwarlike standard. On "Bloody Sunday," 12 Irish Catholics (all adult males) were killed by British paras; the British government was thrown into panic and the army was excoriated by the media. The Israeli establishment was rather more thick-skinned in its response to civilian casualties in the Intifada.

Recently, Mr. David Geffen, the personification of both the Jewish left and the American media elite, hosted a dinner in honor of General Ariel Sharon. Can one imagine a similar fete for General Westmoreland (let alone Generals Challe or Salan) from such a source? Indeed, to see the comparatively benign view of Israel held by the Western intelligentsia we need only recall the response of the mainstream media to the invasion of Israel in 1973 and their rather less melodramatic treatment of the invasion of South Vietnam in 1975.

It may be in particularly poor taste to compare Jews with the Nazis. However, one might wish that American, British, French, Rhodesian, and South African soldiers who actually fought the Nazis would be spared the comparison as well. Of course, this has not been the case. Professor Neusner is mistaking an epiphenomenon of Western self-hatred for a unique Jewish malady. If Jewish communities suffered from a self-loathing comparable to that of France in the 1960's or white America today, there would be no Jewish state. Both Professor Neusner and Professor Alexander should contemplate this before attacking Pat Buchanan. Mr. Buchanan has American wars to fight before he can concern himself with Jewish ones. However, a good first step for Zionists seeking the sympathy of American paleoconservatives would be to recognize a commonality of interests. A white American living in the Southwest today is as much under siege as a Jewish settler on the West Bank. If American supporters of Israel acknowledged this fact, I'm sure they would find the attitude of Mr. Buchanan and his supporters greatly changed in their favor.

—Steven Schwamenfeld
Dundee, NY

On Gay Teen Suicide

Philip Jenkins writes in his October article ("One in Ten: A Gay Mythology"): "The construction of the 'epidemic' is a damning indictment of the use of social science in political debate, and the uncritical way in which tendentious statistics are accepted as fact. Briefly, gay teen suicide is an outright myth." A few sentences later, Mr. Jenkins speaks of "a

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restrained and scholarly piece" in a collection on teen suicide that "noted the scholarly consensus that homosexuals were two or three times more likely to kill themselves than heterosexuals, a well-substantiated finding."

No doubt Mr. Jenkins' two sentences can be made vaguely concordant (or at least not so obviously discordant) by some fancy footwork. He could, for example, argue that his acknowledgment that homosexuals have a much higher suicide rate does not justify the description "epidemic" (because the absolute numbers or degree of contagiousness are insufficient to meet the definition). But such arguments are not sufficient to preclude the reader's suspicion that the moral beliefs of Mr. Jenkins (which are, being moral beliefs, inherently tendentious) play a *big* role in determining which statistics he will welcome and which he will reject as biased or mistaken. Indeed, they seem to me somewhat indefensibly unempathetic. You better believe that, if Jews had a suicide rate two to three times higher than non-Jews, I'd call it an "epidemic" and not give a damn that the term might be slightly hyperbolic.

None of this is to deny the correctness of Mr. Jenkins' argument that proponents of "Gay Studies" have a purely ideological agenda, one that, as Mr. Jenkins demonstrates, is seen clearly in the continuing invocation of the ten percent myth. My point is merely that the only way to defeat the ideological emotionalism that now invests so much "research" is to demonstrate in rigorous logical and empirical ways the incorrectness of the arguments of the ideologues. The tendentiousness of the argument must be assessed on the basis of its logic and evidence, not the appeal of its conclusion. Assessing the correctness of a conclusion on the basis of the appeal of that conclusion is precisely the thing we are fighting against.

—Steven Goldberg
Chairman, Department of Sociology
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New York, NY

On Basque Terrorists

Regarding Michael Washburn's comments about Basque nationalism (Cultural Revolutions, November 1996), let me say that the "nationalism" espoused by the terrorist ETA organization (and its political counterpart, Herri Batsuna) has little to do with the traditional movement by the Basques (or, for that matter, by the Catalans, Galicians, or other Spanish "nationalities") for autonomy and self-determination and much more to do with Marxist "liberation."

I was resident in Pamplona during the years 1972-75 (at the Catholic University of Navarra), completing doctoral work on Spanish Carlism, in particular on "*fueros*" (what the late Frederick Wilhelmsen called the "Spanish equivalent to Southern states' rights"—the regional rights, statutes, and privileges which set the Basque provinces off from the rest of Spain). Historically, the Basque provinces (Vizcaya, Guipuzcoa, and Alava) formed a part either of the Kingdom of Navarra or of Castille. They possessed their own set of "*fueros*," which Spanish sovereigns (or their representatives) swore to respect. In the 19th century, the Carlist kings and succeeding legitimist claimants made a point of swearing to uphold customary Basque states' rights, "*los fueros*," and to reverse the centralizing tendencies spawned by the liberal state of Isabella II and Alfonso XII. In turn, the Basques enthusiastically fought at the side of the Carlists in three bloody civil wars.

By the 1930's some Basque political leaders, influenced by liberal political theory, began to move away from historic regionalism toward a more militant "nationalism." The PNV, the Basque Nationalist Party, after some painful hesitation, even supported the Spanish Republic during the "*Cruzada*" of 1936-39, despite the Republic's open anticlericalism and their own avowed Catholic confessionalism. Even so, sentiment in the Basque provinces, from 1936-39, was split down the middle in what my traditionalist friends have called "the last Carlist War." Support for a Carlist, regionalist solution continued to be strong in Basque areas.

The ETA organization uses terror, bombings, and assassinations to achieve ends which have little to do with the historic rights and traditions of the Basque people. ETA, like GRAPO and other violent groups, is the logical result of 19th-century liberalism and its parent, the French Revolution. By deifying the powerful, centralized, nationalist state—freed from historic and traditional restraints, and above all, freed from God—liberal political theory made it possible for "minorities" to assert the same principles to argue for *their* "liberation."

Latter-day Spanish traditionalist writers, in particular Francisco Elias de Tejada and Rafael Gambra Ciudad, have argued convincingly that economic decentralization and the rebirth of historic regionalism are the only means of sparing Spain (and Europe) from a deceptive statist nationalism. They have also highlighted the crucial role the Church must play.

I would hope to see more of this in the pages of *Chronicles*, rather than accounts of assassins.

—Dr. Boyd D. Cathey
Wendell, NC

CULTURAL REVOLUTIONS

THE "DEFENSE OF MARRIAGE Act" was making its way through Congress as these lines were being written. Having passed the House, the debate was turned, by the "good" offices of Senator Edward Kennedy, into a joint defense of marriage and homosexual rights bill. Gay activists were exultant that their concerns were getting a hearing in the august body known as the Senate. The Defense of Marriage Act was passed, 84 to 14; the proposal to create new federal civil rights for homosexuals narrowly failed, 50 to 49. The attempt to turn the "defense of marriage" debate into a vehicle for federalizing gay rights is a further example of the inability of the federal government to do even just one good thing without attaching at least one bad or even worse thing to it.

The old Book of Common Prayer (Episcopal) and the Book of Common Worship (Presbyterian) refer to marriage as "an honorable Estate, established by God, regulated by His commandments." The *Chicago Tribune*, which has gradually degenerated from its self-styled role as "the world's greatest newspaper" to serving as a public relations organ for cultural degeneration, headlined

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its report on the Defense of Marriage Act, "Gay couples lose bid for recognition." It smirked at the impassioned "oration" of Senator Robert Byrd of West Virginia, sounding like a country preacher in defending the wisdom of five millennia, and commented, favorably it seems, on Senator Edward Kennedy for saying that the attached gay rights provision, which narrowly failed, is the last goal that needs to be achieved by the civil rightists. Senator Kennedy seems to be doing his best to make Washington resemble the Rome which Tacitus described, a cesspool to which all that is vile and corrupt in the universe flows.

For the *Tribune*, the vote was not a victory for traditional morality, natural and common law, and common-sense language, but a defeat for "gay couples." It's as though legislation to ban tobacco smoking without explicitly protecting marijuana smokers were characterized most of all as a defeat for marijuana users. Its front-page color photo showed a circle of what it called "Gay Christians" praying in front of the Supreme Court building, making it plain that the hopes of those who would remake all society in their own image rest on the unelected magnates who make the rules, the Justices of the High Court. The courts may well decide to define a relationship between two men or two women as "marriage," as the zealots of "rights" and "diversity" stridently demand, but they will not make it marriage, any more than a decision by the Supreme Court declaring that all dogs are legally cats would help the pooches to climb trees.

—Harold O.J. Brown

ROBERT NISBET, R.I.P. The recent death of Robert Nisbet has removed from our midst one of the premier social thinkers of the century. His works, particularly *The Quest for Community* (1962) and *The Sociological Tradition* (1966), will be read as long as literate people consider the nature of human relations. Nisbet brought to his discipline both a rich historical sense and a justified anxiety about the modern state. He viewed the "national state" as an administrative mechanism run by social engineers and born and sustained by the breakdown of traditional community. And he saw the rise of this regime as being tied to another social crisis, the frenzied search among the uprooted for new forms of association and security. For Nisbet, this constituted the greatest danger of modern political life, the continued need for authority in a society that preached individual autonomy. This need for direction turned people toward redemptive political movements and encouraged the state's attempt to socialize its subjects. Contrary to a recent commentary in the *Wall Street Journal* which argued that the statists, after "making a mess of things economically," have turned their "penetration point to the arena of family life," Nisbet maintained that social democracy has always been primarily about social reconstruction. Those who support this patently intrusive system, he explained, are looking for control, not only social services.

Against these flights from freedom, Nisbet had little to offer, except sound warnings and prescriptions about "intermediate institutions." Though he praised such institutions, the buffer he saw between isolated individuals, often colluding in their enslavement, and an encroaching state was never more, for him, than a last defense. Nisbet thought that the Western welfare state, with fortunes to spend and a monopoly of power, would probably continue to get its way. In the United States it would manage opposition by offering entitlements and by waging crusades against ideological enemies.

The compasses for his social thinking were the genteel skepticism of David Hume and the counterrevolutionary thought of the early 19th century. From these sources he drew his critical views about the superstition of rationalism and about plans to redo societies from the bottom up. Of all social doctrines that Nisbet criticized the one he found most absurd was the belief that individuals could be trained by the state to be autonomous. Men, explained Nisbet, replicating Hume's critique of John Locke, had never existed outside of fairly constant social units; it was therefore highly doubtful that they could live in any other way or that our social existence until now was somehow unnatural. The state's offer to help human beings rise above natural social groupings seemed to Nisbet a call for control, one whose advocates would apply force on behalf of a whimsical but far-reaching social project.

Nisbet singled out for praise the critics of the ideal of the socially autonomous and self-defining individual. But his respect for such critics and corresponding distaste for libertarians did not prove Frank Meyer's passionately held view that Nisbet worshipped the state. The truth is more complex: Nisbet held organic authority to be essential for a stable and satisfying human existence, and he accused libertarians of weakening social resistance to the modern state by imitating its appeal to individual rights and pleasures. Despite this particular censure, it would be a mistake to consider Nisbet a friend of the welfare state. His published remarks on this subject are as vitriolic as those of Murray Rothbard.

It may be permissible for me to express my own considerable debt to Robert Nisbet, the scholar and the man. Whatever I have done in my own field would certainly have less value if his books had not come to my attention as a graduate student. And I studied them closely without knowing of Nisbet's strong views about American politics. While he and I, as I later discovered, held generally the same political opinions, those opinions were not what drew me to his world of ideas. Though, like him, a conservative, I shared his appreciation of Marx and Émile Durkheim, both men of the left, whom he preferred to that dreary protoliberal John Locke. Nisbet's writings had in my case another long-rage effect: they led me toward social history and the history of sociology. Indeed they illustrated that one can be interested in both and respect traditional societies. This pairing of attitudes is also exemplified by the social anthropology of Grace Goodell, an admirer of Nisbet, but it might have taken me decades more to become aware of it if I had not encountered *The Sociological Tradition*.

Late in life, after I had met him, Nisbet wrote generously about my books and more than once worked to salvage my derailed academic career. What made these efforts particularly noteworthy is that by then he was gravely ill but gave no indication that his health was failing. No matter how afflicted he was, he sounded cheerful in phone conversations. And though an internationally honored author, an Albert Schweitzer Professor of Humanities, and recipient of the Ingersoll Prize for Scholarly Letters, Nisbet spoke to his disciples as an equal. His lack of condescension was obvious to his acquaintances, though Bob's friendliness never caused me to forget in whose shadow I stood. This always elegantly dressed, affable, and strikingly handsome gentleman looked as academic luminaries should but rarely do. He also

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bestowed on me and others lifelong ideas; and once while he was complimenting me for something I had published, I joked that he was only noticing what I had cribbed from him. "Go ahead and crib more!" was his jovial response. Those of us who learned from his genial mind will inevitably take that advice, *calcando passus gigantis*.

—*Paul Gottfried*

TERRORISM in France has usually come—in recent years—from clandestine Muslim groups engaged in a perpetual jihad against the West. But recent attacks attributed to Corsican separatists provide another example of a violent nationalism rearing its head at precisely the time when Europe's policy elite is proclaiming a new era of unity and cooperation.

The immediate reason for the recent wave of bombings stems from Prime Minister Alain Juppé's brief visit to Corsica last summer, when he told the territorial assembly that he would not even discuss institutional autonomy for the island. In spite of the consensus among Corsicans in favor of independence—or at least a higher degree of autonomy—Juppé said that any such negotiations will set Corsicans against each other and so must be avoided.

A month after Juppé's speech, the nationalist Corsican People's Front (FLNC) issued a statement denouncing Juppé's "anti-Corsican racism" and announcing that the cease-fire in effect since last January could no longer be observed. The announcement was unnecessary, for the FLNC had just days before made an attempt on the life of José Rossi, a UDF-PR deputy from the Corse-de-Sud region and one of the most visible officials on the island. While Rossi was in his villa in Porticcio, terrorists placed a bomb outside the door of his office in Ajaccio, occupied at the time by his daughter and her husband. An anonymous telephone call informed the police of the bomb, which was safely disarmed. Operating mainly in the southern regions of the island, the terrorists in late August launched several attacks on representatives of the French government, setting off bombs at the offices of the Société nationale Corse-Mediterranée and the Direction departmentale de l'équipement.

Corsica's problem is nothing new—terrorism has been practiced since the 1970's by both FLNC-style groups and by fanatical anti-independence groups, rough equivalents of the UDF in Ulster—but according to *Le Monde*, the terrorism has taken a new turn. In a story on a car-bombing on a crowded street in Bastia, the newspaper noted that the autonomists no longer care if Corsicans die in the struggle to throw off the French yoke.

Alain Juppé's speech to the territorial assembly gave a new impetus to a nationalist movement whose grievances have long been ignored by French leaders. As Robert Ramsay explained in *The Corsican Time-Bomb*, Corsica did not experience the surge in economic prosperity enjoyed by most European countries in the postwar period, a disappointment made particularly acute when rich foreigners visited the island. The tourism industry is not the unqualified boon for native Corsicans that it might seem. Run largely by the French, it offers only a few menial jobs to the native population, whose opportunities for employment are so poor that young people leave *en masse*. (Many Corsican families have more members living abroad than on the island.) The unregulated building of hotels by French contractors which accompanied the growth of tourism ruined many beautiful sites. Flooded by émigrés—particularly *pieds noirs* from the former colony in Algeria—Corsica has seen much of her best farmland and vineyards bought up. French officialdom has shown contempt for the distinct culture of the island, refusing to allow a Corse university founded in the 19th century to reopen its doors and discouraging Corsicans from speaking their own language. "As in Brittany or the Basque country," Ramsay relates, "children had been punished for the use of any language but French in the classroom."

To the policy elite of Europe, nationalism of the Corsican stripe may seem little more than a curious anomaly. But like its counterparts in other countries, it is a predictable response to the encroachments of European integration and federal power.

—*Michael Washburn*

OBITER DICTA: Harold McCurdy, whose poems "Decline and Fall" and "With Loss of Eden" appear on page 21, is the author of seven volumes of verse, some of them released by major publishers and others by small book designers in his neighborhood in Chapel Hill, North Carolina. His work has appeared in *Theology Today*, *Christian Century*, and *The Lyric*. Mr. McCurdy's next collection, *Realizing Westward*, which he describes as a spiritual history of the West, will be published soon. The title of the collection comes from Robert Frost, whom Mr. McCurdy cites as one of his influences.

Holley Camp's poem "Courmayeur, Italy," which appears on page 14, is based on her visit to a formerly French region in the Italian Alps. Ms. Camp teaches writing at a middle school in Birmingham, Alabama, and has been influenced by the work of Pulitzer Prize-winning poet Mary Oliver. Ms. Camp wrote the winning entry in a competition held recently by the Famous Poets Society, and she has work coming out shortly in *Astarte*, a publication of the University of Alabama.

* * *

The cover illustration this month is by St. Petersburg native Anatol Woolf, who has designed sets for theaters in Russia and has done illustrations for St. Petersburg Textbook Publishers, in addition to freelance work. In 1987 Mr. Woolf came to America, where he began contributing to magazines and newspapers such as the *Washington Post*, the *Washington Times*, *Policy Review*, *National Geographic Traveler*, *Legal Times*, and *Cricket*. Mr. Woolf works with a variety of materials, from water colors to pencil to acrylic.

* * *

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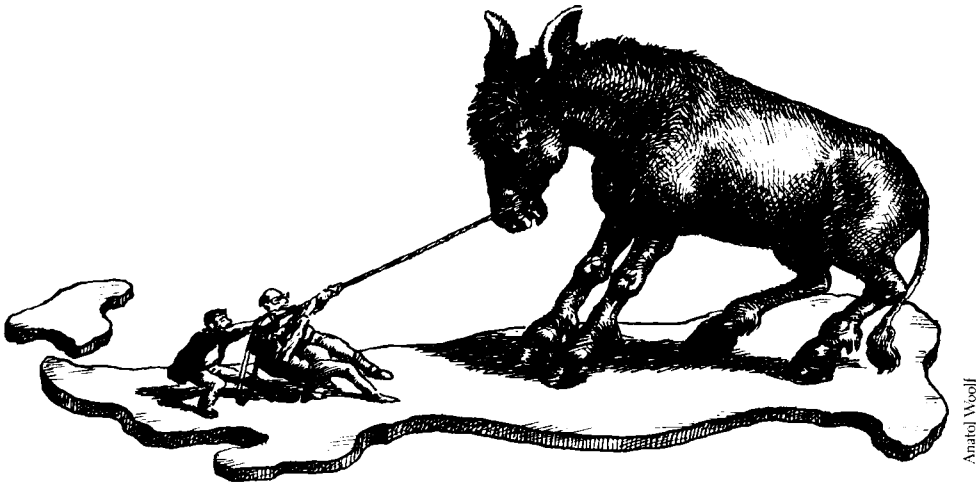

Cabbages and Worms

by Thomas Fleming

Umberto Bossi does not like journalists. His stock epithet for the gentlemen of the press—applied to them almost as regularly as "swift-footed" precedes Achilles—is *vermi* (worms), although he sometimes falls back on *servi sciochi* (idiot servants). Not too long ago, at a Lega Nord meeting, Bossi caught sight of the press corps covering the event and, after reviling them as liars, he had them thrown out.

The "leader" of the Lega Nord has reason to dislike the press. They have hated him from the start and never lost an opportunity to predict his impending downfall or to blacken the reputation of his movement with terms like "racist" and "fascist." The Italian press has not confined its attacks to Bossi and the other leaders of the Lega Nord. The entire movement—hundreds of thousands of North Italians—have been stigmatized as bigots for wanting to lead their own lives, preserve their customs and traditions, and regain local control over their institutions.

The Lega Lombarda, the nucleus of the Lega Nord, was founded in 1984. In the early years, the Leghisti confined themselves to street demonstrations against the corrupt government in Rome (*"Roma Ladrona,"* Rome the thief) and against the South Italian immigrants who dominate the bureaucracy, the school systems, and organized crime. For many of Bossi's followers, taxes are the symbolic issue with greatest appeal: North Italians work hard and pay their taxes which are spent, disproportionately, on Mafia-controlled projects in the South. As their most popular poster puts it: "The Lombard hen lays the eggs that are cooked in Rome and eaten in the South."

In 1987 the Lega Lombarda elected its first representatives to the Italian parliament, and Bossi was able to carry out his dream of creating a movement that would encompass all the regions of Northern Italy. For a brief period, the Lega was even included in the coalition that made Silvio Berlusconi, a financier without political experience, Prime Minister of Italy, but for reasons that are still not entirely clear, Bossi broke with Berlusconi and brought down the government.

The Lega has put together a powerful and factual indictment of the entire political system in Italy. The press, however, has never got around to discussing the facts. First come the denunciations. Who but a bigot would criticize the Mafia? And if journalists can find a distinguished intellectual or religious leader to do their work for them, so much the better. It is now almost routine that before any major election, the leftist-modernist Cardinal of Milan will find some reason for telling Catholics not to support the Lega.

The Ambrosian Church, however, does not speak with one voice, and the Bishop of Como described the Cardinal's pronouncements as "inopportune," adding that with the family and school in crisis, there are more things for Catholics to worry about than the Lega. The real problems, says Bishop Maggiolini, go back to the kind of Italy that was born in the Risorgimento.

The Lega Nord is usually regarded as an urban populist movement, but so much of the Lega's imagery is an appeal to the old traditions of Lombardia that I wondered if there were not an agrarian nostalgia lurking beneath the surface of this movement of laborers and shopkeepers. I had always wanted to drive the back roads of the region, if only to take a Gothic pleasure in viewing a civilization in ruins: shopping centers squatting on top of Roman baths, a small corner of a garden clinging to life in an industrial park, otters living and breeding in a litter-clogged drainage canal that runs along the highway.

I spend two weeks visiting innumerable rustic shrines, abbeys, churches, monasteries. At Piona, a priory at the top of Lago di Como, I am back in the days before Barbarossa, when fishermen fortified their lakeside villages against brigands, and the Church was the principal center of social order. I spend a

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day in western Lombardia, in the south visiting Vigevano and the great Cistercian abbey of Morimondo, and driving north, another day, I go through Gallarate and must have passed by, without knowing it, the little village of Cassano Magnago, the hometown of Umberto Bossi. The land here was once all farms, and all over this part of Lombardia, there are still signs of the agricultural diligence that gave the Lombards their wealth: terraced hills, drainage and irrigation ditches, even navigational canals that connected the local towns with far-off Milan.

Bossi begins his memoir *Vento dal Nord* with a depressing visit back to Cassano Magnago: the highway cuts right through what had been parkland, cement houses have sprouted up like tumors, and everywhere is the sound of traffic, the smell of asphalt. Over and over, in the course of his book, Bossi will say that it was his first 14 years in the country that formed his character, that taught him the old ethic of "work and save," a motto that has been replaced by "consume."

The paradise lost of childhood is the source of much rebellion in the modern world, and although Umberto Bossi would go on to be a roughneck, a salesman, and a medical student in a modern Lombardia far removed from his early years, his ability to tap into the aspirations of North Italians has never been limited to the usual appeals to greed, self-interest, and parochial resentments that fuel most populist movements. All the time, if only at the back of his mind, has been the desire to recover the world "the way it was" and, perhaps, to get even with the people who destroyed it: greedy politicians, Sicilian mafiosi, and corrupt businessmen who cement over villages, counting their own profits but never the costs that others have to pay.

September 15th, the day of liberty for Independent Padania, dawns fair and warm. I hurry into the center of Olginate—a small village, now suburbanized like so much of Lombardia—where I board a bus with the local *leghisti*. My host is Giulio de Capitani, a local counselor and the nephew of my old friends, Giuditta Podestà and her brother Giuseppe.

There are two or three "Pulman" buses just from Olginate, and we rendezvous with the other delegations from Lecco at the Abbey of Pontida, the site of the famous Lombard "*giuramento*" (oath). Waiting for the stragglers, some of the young bucks leave the bus to spray-paint Lega slogans on a cement wall. They have obviously done this before. While one stands with the paint can hidden in the grass, the two others split up, taking positions where they can watch for policemen, and in the 15-20 minutes it takes to complete their art work (they go over and over, always darkening and thickening the letters), the alert is given several times.

It is an impressive motorcade: dozens of buses and who knows how many automobiles, all from the province of Lecco. When we hit the autostrada, we catch sight of other motorcades headed toward their designated sites on "*dio Po*" outside of Cremona, a city made famous by its violin-makers. Today, another chapter in Italian history is being written, as thousands gather from all over this part of Lombardia, to celebrate the birth of Padania. The newspapers and radio are already reporting that the *Festa* is a failure: only 10,000 are said to have turned out all over the North. "Look," an angry woman tells me, "you're a journalist. Do you see no one here? Why do you all lie?" I don't know about other places, but here, in the mile-long space between two bridges, the fields and paths along the shore are crowded with members of the Lega Nord from one small area, the province of Lecco.

It would be easy to get lost in the crowd, but de Capitani—a successful architect and admired local figure—takes charge and in the course of the day I shake hands with dozens of officials: mayors, councillors, and even a member or two of the Italian parliament. The mayor of Colico, a town at the Northeast corner of Lago di Como, tells me that, in mystical ceremonies like today's, Padania is returning to its Celtic and pre-Christian roots. The mayor looks 100 percent German and speaks Italian with the emphatic precision of the Italian Swiss. After discoursing on the mysteries of trees and rivers, he adds that he, like most of his friends in the Lega, is a good Catholic.

We sneak off for lunch at a nearby restaurant with Alberto Maria Bosisio, member of parliament and one of the brightest and most polished leaders of the Lega I have run into. He and the other well-to-do *leghisti* who have filled up the restaurant are living contradiction of the story I have heard repeatedly, that the middle-classes who joined the Lega in the early 90's departed after Bossi's *ribaltone* that overturned the Berlusconi government. In a heated but friendly conversation with other *leghisti*, Bosisio draws a precise line between defense of the North against the invasion of Southern mafiosi, government officials, and welfare dependents, on the one hand, and a general hatred of Southern Italians, on the other.

In the media there have been predictions of violence, but the nearest approach to trouble comes in the restaurant, as a group of *leghisti* complain about the service to the obviously Sicilian proprietor, who treats them to a tongue-lashing of an eloquence undreamed of by Lombards. Our waiter, just as obviously of Southern background, though he speaks without the accent, tells us he is sympathetic to the Lega's demand for home rule. From all that I can tell, Sicilian businessmen have nothing to fear from the Lega, and some of them would welcome any effort to drive the Mafia back to Sicily.

For the "Senatur," today has been a long time in coming. For the past two years—indeed, throughout its existence—the Lega has been demanding political reform and a deconsolidation of power. Exasperated by the slow pace—actually, no pace—of reform, and despairing of any progress toward a federal constitution, Bossi began hinting last fall that it was time to secede. In the spring, he made his threats explicit, and today—at the end of three days of symbolic demonstrations, including a mystical ceremony of carrying a vial of water from the source of the Po all the way to the mouth—the Lega is ready.

After a series of speakers from other independence movements—Basques and Catalonians from Spain, a Fleming from Belgium—Bossi begins to speak in an uncharacteristically solemn voice and announces the independence of Padania and the federalist principles on which his new nation will be based.

On the way home, after all the flags have flown, the sausages eaten, and the Grand March from *Aida* (the national anthem) played a dozen times, I feel a little like the hapless couple at the end of *The Graduate*: after independence, what? Who will break the eggs to make this omelette? The press has made much of Bossi's defense force, the "*camicce verdi*" (green shirts), but these are men of all ages, unarmed and not particularly dangerous looking. The only violence comes when, a few days later, the number two man in the party, Roberto Maroni, is beaten up by the police in his office. Maroni is a particularly strange object for police brutality: he is not only well-liked by his political enemies, but for a brief time he even served as Minister of the Interior, a post which gave him control over the national police.

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In Torino, at the Lega Nord's headquarters in Piedmont, I ask the leaders if Maroni—now ostentatiously sporting a neck brace—was not overreacting. On the contrary, I am assured, they have it from friends who were present that the police, after knocking him to the ground, kicked Maroni repeatedly in the groin, but Bobo is too proud to admit how badly he was hurt.

Until recently, I had not realized the significance of Piedmont to the Lega Nord. As Bossi himself explains, his first steps toward autonomism were taken under the guidance of Bruno Salvadori, the leader of the *Union Valdotaine*, who had decided to preach the federalist gospel outside the borders of Val d'Aosta. Later, when Bossi conceived a similar project—to create a Northern federalist movement not limited to Lombardia—he turned to Piedmontese autonomists like Gipo Farassino. Farassino is a well-known *cantautore* (singer-songwriter) and actor, whom the ordinarily hostile *Corriere della Sera* treats with a tongue-in-cheek respect, noting that he is the only founder of the Lega Nord to remain on good terms with Bossi and describing him as "famous *cantautore*, much loved by women . . . a theatrical performer who has had great success."

Farassino dispells any suspicions I might have that the Lega Nord is really a Lombard movement that is swallowing up the other regions. "Autonomy is more deeply rooted in Piemonte than in Lombardia," he says. He is passionate about his country, which is not Italy or even Padania, but Piemonte. As a performer, he has traveled all over and likes to take vacations in France but feels more alien in Southern Italy.

Even in the world of instant communication, of European Union and the United Nations, patriotism is a natural phenomenon. "It's human nature," he says, "when you are spinning the radio dial, you stop when you hear *la mia lingua*" and cites a proverb to the effect that "There is my home, where my heart beats." We are a long way from Franklin's nonsense that wherever freedom existed, there was his country. In pointing out the differences between North and South in Italy, Farassino is frank but not bigoted; but, he says, if Italy is ever going to enter the European Community, it will have to recognize that there are really two economic systems, which should have two different monetary systems to reflect the difference. As it is, Southern Italians take the tax dollars they receive from the North and they use them to buy cheap goods manufactured in Korea or Taiwan. Industries are leaving Italy, because of unfair taxation, but the whole corrupt economic climate is unfavorable to business. The South has great resources, he points out, and the people are enormously talented, but instead of using their energy and creativity to produce wealth in their own regions, they enter the government and live off the taxpayers.

I had an appointment with Gipo Farassino, but in roaming through the Lega's offices in Torino in the company of Maurizio Gotta, a very helpful young *leghista*, and Steve Balestra, an Italo-American of South Italian background, who speaks fluent Italian, I came upon Mario Borghezio, a deputy to the Italian parliament. If there were a radical faction of the Lega (Bossi absolutely forbids the formation of *correnti*), the honorable Borghezio would be the leader. While Bossi was still playing at the game of reform in Rome, Borghezio was calling for secession. (According to the Lega's leaders, this was all a stratagem planned in advance.) Partly as a result of his "extremism" and the bluntness of his speech, the Piedmontese deputy is, next to Bossi, the Lega leader the press loves to hate. Somewhat to my surprise, he is all smiles and welcomes, particularly when I tell him about the activities of the Southern League in the United States.

I ask the deputy and the other *leghisti*, what secession really means. The answer is somewhat unexpected. For years the Lega called for federalism and worked with any parliamentary group willing to decentralize and reform the Italian state. They got exactly nowhere. What they finally realized, in the course of the past year, was that reform was impossible, so long as the game was being played according to Roman rules. But if the North were independent, if only in principle, and free to control the flow of tax money to Rome, the powers-that-be would have to negotiate in earnest. In fact, Roberto Maroni announced in October that the Lega would help the citizens of Padania in their efforts to resist the corrupt and oppressive taxation of the Italian government by providing a self-help manual. Giancarlo Pagliarini, one of the Lega's most respected leaders, commented: "A government that says, 'We won't reimburse you' [i.e., for excess taxes paid], is morally irresponsible,' and the intransigent Borghezio has called for 'moral objection' in the form of tax resistance" (*La Stampa*, October 16).

The Lega is playing high-risk politics but with considerable finesse. With at most a third of the population supporting their policies, the Lega Nord claims to speak for all of Padania. On the other hand, no normal North Italian, including hard-working Southern immigrants and their children, wants to continue paying outrageous taxes to a criminal government, which—in the words of a Lega poster—"Tells the Lombard donkey: 'Shut up and pay.'"

If the administration of Romano Prodi had any guts, they would schedule a referendum on secession next week. The Lega would lose, probably badly, and the government's hand would be strengthened. But talk of referenda is a heady wine and dangerous to a regime that bases its power on brute force and corruption, and for one reason or another, *Roma Ladrona* is unwilling to take the risk. Every day that the current stand-off continues is a victory for the Lega, because every day the citizens of Padania can read of new scandals in the government.

Riding in a taxi one day in Lecco, I struck up a conversation with the driver who turned out to be a *leghista*. Discovering that I was *giornalista americano*, he got out his *telefonino* and rang up a journalist friend of his in Milan, Luigi Geminiazzi, who writes for the Catholic paper *Avvenire*. Far from being a sympathizer with the Lega, Geminiazzi asks my untutored opinion on what the future holds. I tell him that the American Revolution never had the support of more than a third of the people in the colonies, but that revolutions are made not by passive majorities but by active minorities. "Exactly," he replies, and unless they can reform the government—which appears to be impossible—support for the Lega and for independence will go from 30 to 60 percent.

Time may be on the Senatur's side, but it is running out for me. My next-to-last night, I spend in the little town of Merate, addressing a meeting of the Giovani Celti Meratesi.

The Young Celts are an outgrowth of the Lega's youth movement. Most of them are convinced that Padania is a Celtic country, but they are just beginning their study of the Celts, whom I describe as a nation of poets, warriors, and hard drinkers. "A Celt who drinks Coca," I tell them, "is a traitor to his race." Several of them hurriedly put their soft drink cans under the table and go off to find a beer. I suppose my speech could be described as corrupting the young.

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They are good kids, mostly in their 20's: hardworking, energetic, and refusing to accept their nation's slide into the Third World. For them being a Celt or a Lombard is a means of making Karl Schmidt's friend/enemy distinction, and they feel themselves more and more alienated from the national regime and the coalition of gangsters and welfare-dependents who support it. For them, Umberto Bossi is another Bravehcart (as Bossi himself has claimed) fighting against an oppressor who has occupied their country and mobilized the resources of public opinion—the newspapers, the telejournalism, the intellectuals—into a massive conspiracy to demonize the people of the hardworking North as racist bigots. When I explain that Middle Americans, especially in the South, are subjected to the same campaign of defamation, they are at first puzzled, then relieved to find that they are not alone in Padania.

But what country is this Padania? Is it the industrial suburbs of Sesto San Giovanni, the tourist meccas of Venice and the Lakes, or the little towns of the Brianza, where old Lombardia awaits just beyond the electronics factory? I spend my last afternoon, driving up from Olginate toward Colle di Brianza. I pass through ancient villages adjacent to housing projects and rustic churches on top of terraced slopes leading down to gravel pits and a clear-cut lumbering operation. A shepherd drives his sheep down the road leading into a hilltop village that looks down over the industrial plain around Oggiono and its lake, only a mile or two from the Superstrada connecting Lecco with Milan.

That night I go to supper with a local labor organizer and master gardner, Edoardo Bonacina ("Nino") and my old friend, the liberal baker Laini. After the disintegration of the Liberal Party, Laini has moved over to Berlusconi's Forza Italia. A few nights before, I had accompanied him to a meeting of the "club" in Lecco, which consists of sober intelligent businessmen talking practically of local problems: roads, sanitation, zoning. I can understand the attraction of Forza Italia to many responsible Italians all over the North. Imagine, they say to themselves, if industrious and honest businessmen could run things, instead of the Mafia and the socialists.

Several Berlusconi supporters have been calling for a new rapprochement with their old friends in the Lega. In their heart of hearts, most Northern Italians support the Lega's major objectives, but for one reason or another, they happen to dislike Bossi (he is too tyrannical they say, a clown who cannot be taken seriously, a crook who takes money from the Bavarians) or else they find themselves attached to one or another political party. As the ex-Liberal Laini declares, "I am more of a *leghista* than Bossi," explaining that he is supporting practical measures to secure economic autonomy in the North. People are too busy with their lives and do not understand these things. Nino concurs: "*la zhede non capise un cavolo,*" that is, "*la gente non capisce un cavolo*" (the people don't know a cabbage, i.e., nothing).

As the night goes on, my notebook fills up with local dialect expressions. Bragging a little, I tell them I have a Milanese-Italian dictionary. No good, they explain: Milanese is a foreign language here. Comasco? A little better but hard to understand. Even Bergamasco is exotic. Are there any books on the local dialect? Nothing, although there might be something in Lecco, which is close. Close? It's five miles away. A few weeks earlier, Maroni had declared that Padania would renounce Italian and use only local dialects, but if Como cannot communicate with Lecco, much less with Olginate, Padania will soon break up into regions, then into provinces, then into villages. Maroni's answer is that as a "national" language, Padanians will use English, in which case Steve Balestra will have to be the next leader of the Lega Nord, because he is the only one fluent in English. I asked the Young Celts if they wanted to learn English, and they laughed. How could they turn their backs on Manzoni, the greatest writer from Padania?

I do not know what the future holds for Padania. Whatever happens in a practical sense, it is a nation in the process of creating—or rather recreating itself. Here from this local restaurant—Da Oskar—I can see the traffic going by on the suburbanized road leading into Olginate. Most of the people in these houses and apartments came from other parts of Italy only 20-30 years ago, to work in the mills and factories of Lecco, and yet inside the restaurant, the last farmer of Olginate is drinking wine. Laini tells me of growing up just up the hills from here, on the other side of the River Adda, while Nino seems to be at least second-cousin to everyone I have met: to Giuseppe who owns the grocery where I buy cheese and wine to take home, to the lady who owns the Ristorante Primavera, where I ate the night before as her children did their homework under the television set. Beneath the surface of this transformed village, the age-old patterns persist. Nino is not a farmer, but he maintains the beautiful garden at CEISLO and grows enough vegetables to feed a family of 20. To a stranger's eyes, much of Northern Italy has been modernized and transformed beyond recognition, but for the old-timers eating and drinking in Da Oskar, these changes have not disturbed the core of life.

Nino is a leftist, Laini a classical liberal, but both are Lombards, "more *leghisti* than Bossi," and while it is Bossi and the Lega who receive the brunt of the media's attack on the industrious North, it is the people themselves who are the real demons—Lombardi and Piemontesi, of course, but also Toscani and Siciliani. Once upon a time, the objects of national hatred were aliens—domestic and foreign—like the Jews or the Irish or the far-off Huns. Now the enemy is us, although not in Walt Kelly's self-hating sense. Everywhere in the European world, the official enemy is now the people themselves, particularly those who pay, rather than receive, taxes, those who are not ashamed of who they are and who their people have been, those who cling to the hateful illusion that they can run their own lives and communities without an invading army of teachers, bureaucrats, and social workers telling them what to do and how to think, and if they begin to complain about high taxes or businesses taking jobs out of the country, the donkeys are told "Shut up and pay." In Italy, the taxes may prove to be the last straw, not to break the donkeys' backs, but to goad them into resistance.

Here in America, the donkeys may be too well-fed, too burdened by all they think they own, too uprooted and bewildered by their constant shifts of residence and by a global culture that turns Rockford into Newark into Jacksonville. *La zhede non capise un cavolo*—literally—because they are too busy watching football on television. If any American donkeys are going to kick over their traces, it will only happen in those remote places of Middle America, where the old-timers know cabbages and can see past the suburbs and into the fields and villages where their ancestors lived and died, making the best sense out of a world into which we are all born as strangers.

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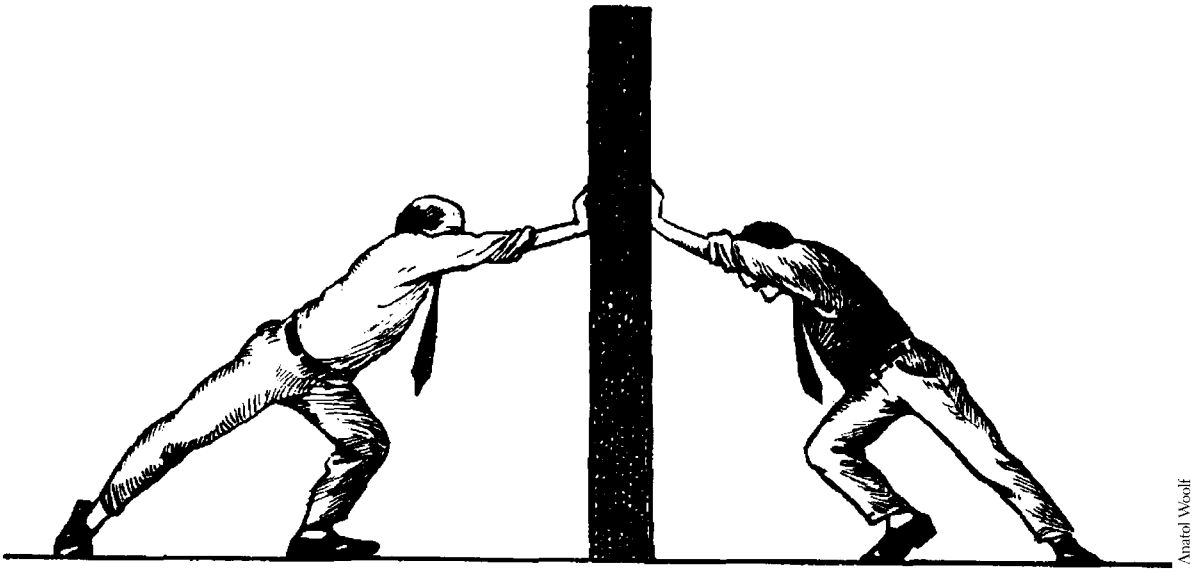
Polonophobia

by Paul Gottfried



Since the fall of the Soviet Empire, no former Soviet captive nation has fared as badly as Poland in the American press. In the last year alone, unqualified denunciations of alleged Polish atrocities against Jews, most open to question, have been put into the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *International Herald Tribune*, *Toronto Star*, *Toronto Globe and Mail*, and smaller newspapers scattered across North America. Almost all of these accounts have a similar provenance and make the same sweeping accusations: they are, for the most part, written by Polish Jews or by their descendants and combine attacks against the Poles as an irredeemably anti-Semitic nation (in a reference to the current Polish pope, Yitzhak Shamir charged that "Poles suck in anti-Semitism with their mothers' milk") with stories about pogroms attributed to Poles.

In commenting on earlier attacks of this kind, Polish primate Josef Glemp, known for his sharp tongue, urged American Jews to call off their newspaper campaign, before (one might infer from his remarks) the Poles retaliated. Despite his tactless phrasing, Glemp was pointing to what seems a precisely focused attack on his country's reputation. Both Canadian and American Jewish organizations and the U.S. Holocaust Museum have highlighted outbursts of Polish anti-Semitism during and immediately after the Nazi occupation. Two much-discussed acts of "unprovoked Polish assaults on Jews" were the killing of 46 Jews in Kielce (a city about 75 miles south of Warsaw) in July 1946 and the slaying of several Jewish residents of Ejszyszki (in Eastern Poland) in October 1944. The first incident featured mob action and what we are told is traditional Polish bigotry; the second, while ascribed to the same cause, has also been linked in the *New York Times* and by the television documentary *Shtetl* to the rampaging Home Front. This last indictment is particularly noteworthy, inasmuch as the Home Front was the *noncommunist* Polish partisan force fighting the Nazi invaders. By now the Home Front has been turned into a Polish equivalent of the Waffen S.S., something that existed to kill Jewish refugees from the Nazis and which contributed significantly to the Jewish death toll. In an obvious attempt at guilt by association, Bert Raphael, president of the Jewish Civil Rights Educational Foundation of Canada, has stated to the *Toronto Star*: "There has never been acknowledgment of responsibility that prewar Poland created a climate that made the Nazis feel comfortable in building many of their concentration camps in Poland."

The responses made to these charges by the Polish government and by Polish groups in North America, such as the Canadian Polish Congress, have been measured in view of the provocation. They repeat accounts of Poland's own agonies from 1939 onward and cite mainstream scholars, like British historian Norman Davies, and Jewish holocaust witnesses who present a positive view of the efforts made by Poles to protect Jews' lives. There are facts, after all, that speak for themselves. The Nazis slaughtered almost three million Poles and, with Soviet assistance, devastated their country. Of all countries occupied by Hitler's armies, the Poles were, next to the Russians, the worst treated and resisted their oppressors the most fiercely. Though the punishment meted out in Poland for saving Jews was death (sometimes by burning), Polish Catholics, including my late mother-in-law, risked their lives on behalf of Polish Jews, and the number of Jews saved through Polish intervention

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has been estimated at between 30,000 and 40,000. Among the beneficiaries of Polish heroism is the American Jewish liberal advocate Abe Foxman. Despite the work by Polish Catholics to save his life, I have never seen Foxman or the Anti-Defamation League he heads challenge the equation of Poles with Nazis. This charge has come from one of Foxman's close associates in the ADL, in his never-ending war against Christian anti-Semitism, Alan Dershowitz. In his autobiographical *Chutzpah*, Dershowitz vents spleen on Polish Christians and insists that, unlike homosexuals and Jews, Poles were "only selectively murdered by the Nazis." One awaits (perhaps in vain) Foxman's correction of such unkind errors by his frequent companion-in-arms.

In one unpublished response to the *Toronto Globe and Mail*, and to the published allegation of an Alan Levine (this one not to be confused with the military historian) that Poles too must accept responsibility for the holocaust, Polish-Canadian historian Mark Wegierski cites the contrary opinions of three distinguished Polish Jewish scholars: Richard Pipes, Yisrael Gutman of the Yad Vashem Institute and editor-in-chief of the *Encyclopedia of the Holocaust*, and Szymon Datner, director of Warsaw's Jewish Historical Institute. All three of these respected historians have controverted the charge of widespread Polish complicity in Nazi crimes. Each has insisted that Polish Catholics, like Polish Jews, were victims of the Nazi occupation of Eastern Europe.

There is, unfortunately, a long-standing and mutual dislike between these two European groups, a fact that my late wife, descended from both, never tired of stressing. Despite the fact that they had lived side by side for centuries and had been treated as subhuman by a common oppressor, no real warmth has existed between them, with only rare exceptions. Indeed each has defined itself by what the other is not, be it providential or prodigal, shrewd or impetuous, calculating or animalistic. Even in shared suffering it may have been difficult for either to recognize the humanity of the other, and the fact that some Poles risked their lives for some Jews must come as a happy surprise in this history of tangled, bad relations. When the war against the Germans was over, and even before then, hostilities between the unwilling allies erupted again. In Soviet-occupied Eastern Poland (which Stalin acquired by joining Hitler in the rape of Poland), Jews as outsiders were eagerly recruited to impose Soviet rule. Not only did many work for the Soviets, they were also disproportionately represented in the postwar Stalinist government inflicted on the Poles in 1948.

The now publicized account by the oral historian Yaffa Eliach of the Polish Home Front's assault on her family's home in Ejszyszki omits one unsettling detail: Eliach's father had been housing and entertaining members of the Soviet secret police when the attack was unleashed. The assailants were Polish resistance fighters against the Germans who had just broken out of Soviet captivity. After the assault, in which two members of Eliach's family were killed (another had been saved by a Catholic priest from the clutches of the S.S.), local Jews, together with the Soviets, hunted down and killed the Polish soldiers. These contextualizing details can be found in released communist archives in Lithuania; they also turn up, inopportunely for Ms. Eliach and *Shtetl*, in the autobiography *Time to Mourn* by Polish Jewish NKVD officer Leon Kahn. The second source has been available in English since 1978.

But others also assisted the Soviets, including those who took their pay while inciting Polish peasants against the Jews. In a courageous, factual brief, the late Leopold Tyrmand, the first editor of this magazine, exposed the postwar Soviet connection of the Polish anti-Semitic politician Boleslaw Piasecki. Tyrmand showed how Piasecki and others even far more virulently anti-Jewish were used by the Soviets to turn Western opinion against noncommunist Poles and toward their communist conquerors. Incidents were provoked by Soviet agents who denounced Jews as Soviet collaborators in a starving and occupied country.

A common feature of recent anti-Polish broadsides is their refusal to allow for the obvious, that from September 1939 onward Poland was an occupied and wrecked country responding to events rather than shaping them. Those who complain that Poland will not confront its past have a strange view of what they think Poles refuse to confront. In this view Poles welcomed the German occupation because it enabled them to rob and massacre Jews, supposedly a preferred Polish pastime. Alas, I have heard this view expressed by Polish Jews more times than I care to recall. Nonetheless, when pressed on these points, they will also explain that some Poles treated them well while others tried to curry favor with the Nazis by behaving treacherously. The point in either case is that Poles did not initiate or carry out the killing. It was done by the Nazis and occasionally with Ukrainian collaborators, who had it in both for Jews and for Poles. That some Poles betrayed Jews to get Nazi favors was not uniquely Polish. The same practice went on to the same extent or even more in Western Europe. It is highly doubtful that Poles engaged in such behavior at a higher rate than, say, the French or Dutch. And unlike these others, the Poles did not produce volunteers for the S.S., and moreover their low racial status would have kept the Nazis from accepting them anyway.

> Since the fall of the Soviet Empire, no former Soviet captive nation has fared as badly as Poland in the American press.

Most of the anti-Polish tirades now being circulated betray the fingerprints of the Soviet Empire. The dissolving empire left an eddy of propaganda that continues to encircle the Polish nation and confuse discussions of its past. Thus the Soviet takeover of Poland, from the perspective of the conqueror, is seen as a benign event, which stopped anti-Jewish pogroms and neutralized Polish Catholic character. Never are the Soviets to be held responsible for the anti-Semitism they fomented. They just came along opportunely to suppress Polish Nazis, who otherwise would have finished Hitler's work. Significantly, the one indisputable, overshadowing Polish atrocity of the postwar years, the killing or expulsion of over three million ethnic Germans settled in what became Western Poland, is no longer brought up in our newspapers or by the media. This oversight

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should be expected even with the current Polonophobia. It was the Soviets who openly encouraged the brutal revenge on the Germans, after moving territorial Poland to the west and grabbing its eastern lands. Moreover, the Western allies gave in to the Soviet plan for a reconstituted Poland, including getting rid of Germans from what had been German lands, in the Potsdam Agreement of July 1945. Needless to say, Soviet-endorsed atrocities do not have the moral gravity of those that can be attributed to Polish Catholics without acknowledged Soviet complicity.

Recycled communist versions of history work because enough haters on both sides of the ethnic divide are all too happy to slug away. Anti-Semitic writings have multiplied in Poland in the wake of the new indictments and after Jewish groups had demonstrated against the presence of a Carmelite convent at Auschwitz. At the time of that controversy, Cardinal Glemp stirred the cauldron of discord by charging that Jews had inflated holocaust figures. Not to be outdone, anti-Polish Jewish activists Avi Weiss and Alan Dershowitz organized demonstrations against Glemp during his visit to New York in 1991. Both Weiss and Dershowitz expressed anger about Glemp's statements concerning Jews in 1989, and despite promises to keep demonstrations peaceful, the *New York Post* reported that on October 8 menacing crowds had hurled obscenities at the Polish primate, including "you Nazi bastard Catholic."

Allow me to conclude this gloomy account of ethnic hostility by noting two other features of recent anti-Polish outbursts. First, not all of those who propagate these truncated histories are Polish Jews, and the publishers and editors of those Canadian newspapers that have put out the worst slanders have identifiably WASP names. Why such people would take sides in an unseemly war between the first and second most victimized groups of the Nazi era may seem at first blush a bit baffling, but the explanation may be that like most WASPs of my acquaintance, these particular journalists have a desperate desire to be p.c. Confessing to anti-Semitic crimes that one has not committed has become a litmus test of who is or is not a right-thinking goy, and for a *bien-pensant* WASP, the most convenient way to perform this penance is to call attention to insensitive ethnic Catholics. That way two birds are killed at the same time, engaging in liberal self-flagellation and sticking it to a group whom WASPs have always disliked far more than Jews. Thus publishers and reviewers, not all of them Jewish, praised the veracity of Jerzy Kosinski's *The Painted Bird*, a pseudo-autobiography by a bogus holocaust survivor, which first caused a stir in the 1960's. The vivid accounts of Polish peasant atrocities against Jews hiding from the Germans were here invented out of whole cloth. The real Kosinski and his family had been *protected* by Polish Catholic neighbors in Sandomierz and had supported the Soviets when they occupied their town in 1944. Last Easter the *Toronto Star* demonstrated my thesis of WASP atonement by warning Christians not to be too pleased about the Resurrection of their Savior. "The message of the Resurrection," explained this editorial, had led to massacres of Jews in the past, as had been the case in Catholic Poland. The best documented refutations of these charges against the Poles that I have seen did not get published in the *Star*'s letter section. They might have interfered with the p.c. penance being performed at the expense of those despised by liberal Protestants.

Second, the new anti-Polish World War II revisionism is based on bizarre judgments about some victims and victimizers. For example, the U.S. Holocaust Museum has moved the Poles, save for "some Polish intellectuals," from the first category to the second, while homosexuals have been raised in its literature and displays to covictims with the Jews. One can be sure that the Brownshirts and Hermann Goering would appreciate this posthumous tribute. Some Nazi bigwigs, one may assume, might even be eligible for other victimological honors, in view of their drug-dependency and penchant for little boys. Note that the group having the most nefarious record of Nazi collaboration, the Bosnian Muslims, now gets much better press than the once victimized Poles. The professional holocaust survivor and Hillary Clinton-companion Elie Wiesel claims not to use the term lightly (and certainly not for the Nazi slaughter of Poles), but he has wailed about a new holocaust descending on the Bosnians. Such a catastrophe should be distinguished from the earlier unmentioned one that occurred in the Balkans, after the Bosnian Muslims had volunteered to form two Waffen S.S. divisions. This selective amnesia is so striking that even I, an Austrophile critic of the Serbs, note it with astonishment. Are human memories as selective as the reconstructed World War II victimology seems to suggest? This question is, of course, rhetorical. ◁C▷

Courmayeur, Italy

by Holley Camp

And if we cannot come to transcend
our fast food squares, paved places,
the bare string of gas stations—
Notre Dame de la Guerison, lend
only the image of you. Tell us

if men two hundred years ago,
weary from wide steps climbing,
abandoned their worry and striving
in the sad square houses below

and, rising to your craggy perch,
to frescoes unmarred by snow,
smiled to enter the steep piece of you,
mute on the chin of Mont Blanc;

if your hollow beauty and wordlessness,
laid bare, for a time, on a ledge
erased for them then the levelness
of their lonely village paths

so that, on some future shuffle in lanes,
eyes down at unimportant steps,
they might remember, look up and sense
a small truth in your gravity's denial:

to hug humbly to your own landscape,
to house nothing but your God.

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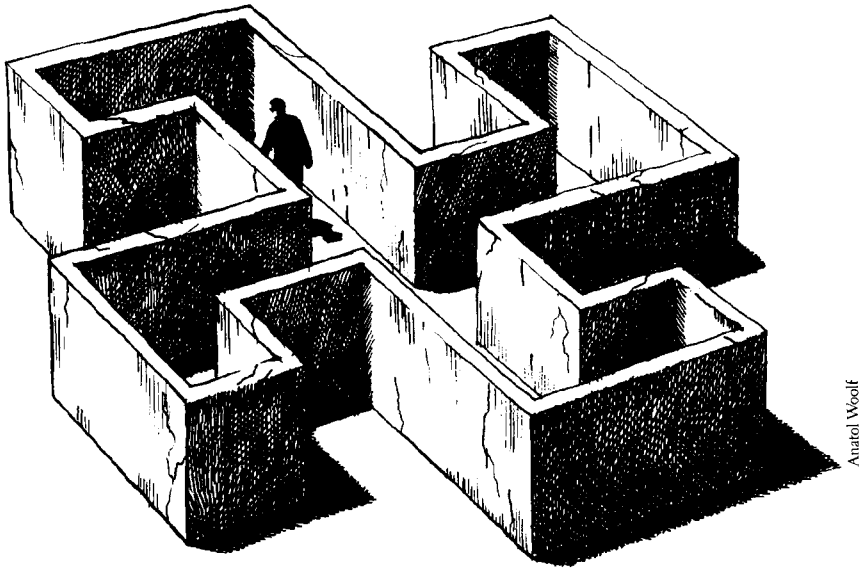
Nazifying the Germans

by Ralph Raico



Anatol Woolf

Not long ago a German friend remarked to me, jokingly, that he imagined the only things American college students were apt to associate with Germany nowadays were beer, *Lederhosen*, and the Nazis. I replied that, basically, there was only *one* thing that Americans, whether college students or not, associated with Germany. Whenever Germans are mentioned, it is Nazism that first springs to mind; whatever else may occur to one later will be colored and contaminated by thoughts of the Nazis. When Molly Ivins (described by Justin Raimondo in *Colin Powell and the Power Elite* as a "liberal columnist and known plagiarist") remarked of Pat Buchanan's speech at the 1992 Republican convention, "it sounded better in the original German," everyone instantly knew what she meant. The casual slander was picked up by William Safire and others, and made the rounds. A constant din from Hollywood and the major media has helped instruct us on what "German" really stands for.

And yet, as some Germans plaintively insist, there are 15 centuries of history "on the other side" of the Third Reich. In cultural terms, it is a not unimpressive record (in which the Austrians must be counted; at least until 1866, Austria was as much a part of the German lands as Bavaria or Saxony). From printing to the automobile to the creation of whole branches of science, the German contribution to European civilization has been, one might say, rather significant. Albertus Magnus, Luther, Leibniz, Kant, Goethe, Humboldt, Ranke, Nietzsche, Karl Menger, Max Weber—these are not negligible figures in the history of thought. And then, of course, there's the music.

The German role over centuries in transmitting advanced culture to the peoples to the east and south was critical at certain stages of their development. The Hungarian liberal, Gaspar M. Tamas, speaking for his own people, the Czechs, and others, wrote of the Germans who had lived among them and were driven out in 1945 that their "ancestors built our cathedrals, monasteries, universities, and railway stations." As for our country, the highly laudatory chapter that Thomas Sowell devotes to the German immigrants in *Ethnic America* is one of the best in a fascinating book. More than five million Germans came to the United States in the 19th century alone (according to recent census figures, around 57 million Americans now claim to be of German heritage). Together with the descendants of the immigrants from the British Isles, the Germans form the basic American stock. They were highly valued as neighbors, and their ways were woven into the fabric of American life—the Christmas tree and "Silent Night," for instance, and the family-centered Sunday, with its "jovial yet orderly activities," as an admiring contemporary put it. Is there any doubt that when Germans composed the leading population in hundreds of American cities and towns, these were happier places to live in than many of them are today?

Yet the air is filled with incessant harping on an interval of 12 years in the annals of this ancient European race. In the normal course of things, one would expect a countervailing defense to emanate from Germany itself. But it is precisely there, among the left intelligentsia, that many of the prime German-haters are to be found. The reasons for this are fairly clear.

Over the last decades, these intellectuals have grown increasingly frustrated at their own people, who remain firmly bourgeois and order-loving, with little interest in neo-Marxist transformations of their way of life. Increasingly, too, that frustration has been vented in hatred and contempt for everything German. Most of all, the Germans were condemned for their hopelessly misguided past and bourgeois social structure, which supposedly produced Nazism. Anguished complaints like that from the conservative historian Michael Stürmer, that "we cannot live while continually pulverizing ourselves and our own history into nothing, while we make that history into a permanent source of infinite feelings of guilt," were merely further evidence that the Germans stood in dire need of

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radical reeducation.

A large segment of the left intelligentsia made no bones of its sympathy for the "German Democratic Republic," which at least did not enslave its subjects to consumerism and the "elbow society" prevalent in the West. Naturally, there were certain excesses, but these could be explained by the pressures issuing from Bonn and Washington. For these intellectuals, the GDR dictatorship—kept in existence by Soviet tanks and forced to resort to building a wall to keep its subjects in—was a "normal state"; they denounced any attempts to "destabilize" it, even by the forthright expression of anticommunist opinion ("primitive anticommunism," it was called). They spoke warmly of communism's "humanistic values" and "positive core," which sharply distinguished it from National Socialism (in this way, they exhibited a characteristic failing of intellectuals: preferring to look to theory rather than reality).

The German left's "march through the institutions" after 1968 was spectacularly successful in the media, schools and universities, churches, and more and more in politics. Its control of the cultural infrastructure produced a situation where the public declaration of any pro-German attitude was viewed as evidence of *Rechtsradikalismus*. Some 30 years ago, when Israeli Prime Minister Levi Eshkol, at a dinner in Jerusalem, expressed to Konrad Adenauer his confidence that "under your leadership the German people will return to the community of civilized peoples," the old Chancellor retorted: "Mr. Prime Minister, what you think is of no concern to me. . . . I represent the German people. You have insulted them, and so tomorrow morning I shall depart." It is impossible to imagine any recent German leader, in particular, the lickspittle former Federal President Richard von Weizsäcker, responding with such unabashed patriotism, especially to an Israeli.

Then came 1989, the fall of the Berlin Wall, and signs that the Germans might still harbor some sense of national pride. The conservative historian and publicist Rainer Zitelmann writes that "the left experienced the reunification [of Germany] and the collapse of socialism as a defeat," a grave setback that had somehow to be made good, lest a "turn" occur and the left lose its power to control political debate. The perfect opportunity presented itself when a few half-wits started firebombing the homes and asylums of foreign residents. (These incidents were strategically exploited in the same way as the Oklahoma City bombing has been exploited in the United States.) Now came an all-out campaign against allegedly deep-seated German "racism" and "hostility to foreigners," accompanied, naturally, by hysterical warnings of a "Nazi resurgence" and endless allusions to the affinities between Nazism and bourgeois Germany. Thus, the normal human desire to live in one's own country among one's own kind was equated with the will to annihilate other peoples manifested by Hitler and his butchers.

The latest spasm of German abuse and German self-hatred occurred with the publication of Daniel Jonah Goldhagen's *Hitler's Willing Executioners: Ordinary Germans and the Holocaust*. Launched with a remarkable publicity barrage by Knopf, absurdly acclaimed by the author's Harvard friends, it was touted by Abe Rosenthal in the *New York Times* for packing the emotional equivalent of a first visit to Auschwitz. The thesis of this work, which won an award from the American Political Science Association, is that the Judeocide is easily explained: for centuries the Germans had been "eliminationist" anti-Semites, and under the Nazis, they became openly and enthusiastically "exterminationist." Suffice it to say that in public debates recognized holocaust scholars demolished the crooked methodology and preposterous claims of this academic hustler.

The best review appeared in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* and the excellent German conservative magazine, *Criticón*, by Alfred de Zayas, an American historian and jurist and respected authority on international law. Whenever anti-Semitic attitudes or acts are mentioned, de Zayas observes, Goldhagen speaks of "the Germans"—not "the Nazis," or even "many Germans"—offering no justification at all; it is simply a polemical trick. He neglects to mention well-known facts, e.g., that everyone connected with the killing of the Jews was bound by Führer Order No. 1, as well as by special orders from Himmler, mandating the strictest silence, under penalty of death. So it should not be surprising that, for example, the former Chancellor Helmut Schmidt, who was a Luftwaffe officer during the war, testified that he had never heard or known anything of the annihilation of the Jews; or that Countess Dönhoff, publisher of the liberal paper *Die Zeit*, should state that, despite her connections to many key people during the war, she knew nothing of the mass-killings in the camps, and that "I heard the name 'Auschwitz' for the first time after the war." Goldhagen simply disregards major standard works that contradict his thesis. He claims, for example, that the German people approved of and joined in the *Kristallnacht* in a kind of nationwide *Volksfest*. Yet Sarah Gordon, in her authoritative *Hitler, Germans, and the "Jewish Question"* wrote: "There was a torrent of reports indicating public disapproval of Kristallnacht . . . [whatever the motivation] what is not in doubt, however, is the fact that the majority did disapprove . . . after Kristallnacht, the Nazis deliberately tried to conceal their measures against the Jews."

None of the scholarly critics made much of an impression on audiences that witnessed the debates in the United States or during Goldhagen's tour of Germany late last summer, and certainly not on sales of the book. In any case, most of the critics, except de Zayas, overlooked the function performed by a work such as Goldhagen's. While he indicts the Germans as uniquely, pathologically anti-Semitic and while some of his critics retort that, no, *all* of Christendom, indeed, Christianity itself, is implicated in the Jewish genocide, attention is kept fixed on the supposed single great crime of the recent past, if not of all of human history, to the virtual exclusion of all others. In particular, the misdeeds of communist regimes are unduly neglected.

A decade ago Ernst Nolte, then of the Free University of Berlin, ignited the *Historikerstreit*, or dispute of historians, and became the target of a campaign of defamation led by Jürgen Habermas, by asking: "Didn't the 'Gulag Archipelago' come before Auschwitz? Wasn't the 'class-murder' of the Bolsheviks the logical and factual presupposition of the 'race-murder' of the National Socialists?" These are still good questions. In fact, Stalinist—and Maoist—offenses, while acknowledged, are generally downplayed and have achieved nothing remotely approaching the publicity of the Nazi massacre of the Jews. In the United States, it is likely that a person who keeps abreast of the news media will encounter references to the holocaust literally every day of his life. Yet who has heard of Kolyma, where more people were done to death than the present official count for Auschwitz? The figures for the victims of Maoist rule that are starting to come out of China suggest a total in the range of 30 or 40 million, or more. Do these facts even make a dent in pub-

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lic consciousness?

Moreover, there is an aspect of Stalinist atrocities that is very pertinent to the "Goldhagen debate." In their history of the Soviet Union, *Utopia in Power*, Mikhail Heller and Aleksandr M. Nekrich touch on the issue of whether the German people had full knowledge of the Nazi crimes. They state no opinion. But regarding the Soviets' murderous war on the peasantry, including the Ukrainian terror-famine, they write:

> There is no question that the Soviet city people knew about the massacre in the countryside. In fact, no one tried to conceal it. At the railroad stations, city dwellers could see the thousands of women and children who had fled from the villages and were dying of hunger. Kulaks, "dekulakized persons," and "kulak henchmen" died alike. They were not considered human.

There has been no outcry for the Russian people to seek atonement, and no one speaks of their "eternal guilt." It goes without saying that the misdeeds of communism, in Russia, China, or elsewhere, are never debited to internationalism and egalitarianism as those of Nazism are to nationalism and racism.

Pointing to communist crimes is not meant to "trivialize" the destruction of European Jewry, nor can it do so. The massacre of the Jews was one of the worst things that ever happened. But even supposing that it was *the* worst thing that ever happened, couldn't some arrangement be worked out whereby communist mass-murders are mentioned once for every ten times (or 100 times?) the holocaust is brought up? Perhaps also, if we must have publicly financed museums commemorating the foreign victims of foreign regimes, some memorial to the victims of communism might be considered, not on the Mall itself, of course, but maybe in a low-rent area of Washington.

If the crimes of communism go relatively unmentioned, what are we to say of crimes committed against Germans? One of the most pernicious legacies of Hitler, Stalin, and Mao is that any political leader responsible for less than, say, three or four million deaths is let off the hook. This hardly seems right, and it was not always so. In fact, there was a time when American conservatives took the lead in publicizing Allied, and especially American, atrocities against Germans. High-level journalists like William Henry Chamberlin, in *America's Second Crusade*, and Freda Utley, in *The High Cost of Vengeance*, pilloried those who had committed what Utley called "our crimes against humanity"—the men who directed the terror-bombing of the German cities, conspired in the expulsion of some 15 million Germans from their ancestral lands in the east (in the course of which about two million died—see de Zayas's *Nemesis at Potsdam*), and plotted the "final solution of the German question" through the Morgenthau plan. Utley even exposed the sham "Dachau trials" of German soldiers and civilians in the first years of the Allied occupation, detailing the use of methods "worthy of the GPU, the Gestapo, and the SS" to extort confessions. She insisted that the same ethical standards had to be applied to victors and vanquished alike. If not, then we were declaring that "Hitler was justified in his belief that 'might makes right.'" Both books were brought out by the late Henry Regnery, the last of the Old Right greats, whose house was the bastion of post-World War II revisionism, publishing works like Charles Callan Tansill's classic, *Back Door to War*.

Keeping the Nazi period constantly before our eyes serves the ideological interests of a number of influential groups. That it benefits the Zionist cause, at least as many Zionists see it, is obvious. It is also highly useful to the advocates of a globalist America. Hitler and the crying need for the great crusade to destroy him are the chief exhibits in their case against any form of American "isolationism," past or present. Any suggestion that our Soviet ally in that crusade was guilty of even greater offenses than Nazi Germany, that the United States government itself was incriminated in barbarous acts during and after that war, must be downplayed or suppressed, lest the historical picture grow too complex.

If the crimes of communism go relatively unmentioned, what are we to say of crimes committed against Germans?

The obsession with the never-ending guilt of the Germans also advances the ends of those who look forward to the extinction of the nation-state and national identity, at least for the West. As the philosopher Robert Maurer argues, it inculcates in the Germans "a permanent bad conscience, and keeps them from developing any normal national self-awareness." In this way, it functions "as a model for the cosmopolitan supersession of every nationalism," which many today are striving toward.

Ernst Nolte has recently suggested another strategy at work, aiming at the same goal. Nothing is clearer than that we are in the midst of a vast campaign to delegitimize Western civilization. In this campaign, Nolte writes, radical feminism joins with Third World anti-Occidentalism and multiculturalism within the Western nations "to instrumentalize to the highest degree the 'murder of six millions Jews by the Germans,' and to place it in the larger context of the genocides by the predatory and conquering West, so that '*homo hitlerensis*' ultimately appears as merely a special case of '*homo occidentalis*.'" The purpose is to strike at "the cultural and linguistic homogeneity of the national states, achieved over centuries, and open the gates to a massive immigration," so that in the end the nations of the West should cease to exist.

There seem to be cultural dynamics operating that will intensify rather than abate the present fixation. Michael Wolffsohn, an Israeli-born Jew who teaches modern history in Germany, has warned that Judaism is being emptied of its religious content and linked solely to the tribulations of the Jews through history, above all, the holocaust. More than one commentator has noted that as the West loses any sense of morality rooted in reason, tradition, or faith, yet still feels the need for some secure moral direction, it increasingly finds it in the single acknowledged "absolute evil," the holocaust. If these claims are true, then the growing secularization of Judaism and moral disarray of our culture will continue to make victims of the Germans and all the peoples of the West.

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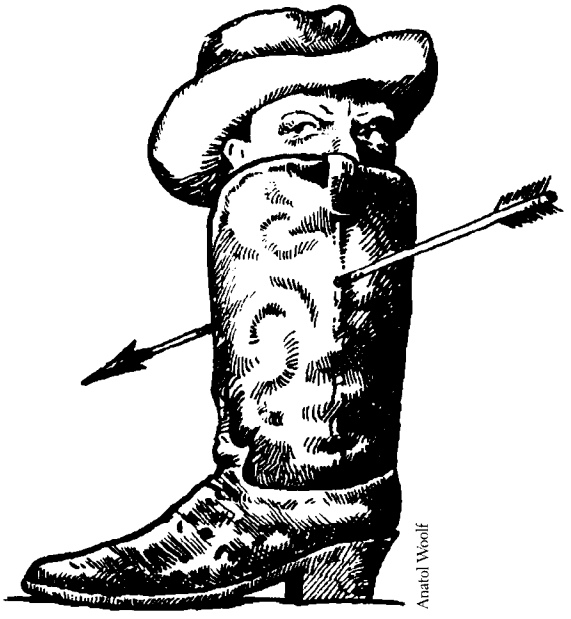
Tar and Feathering the South

by Michael Hill



Anatol Woolf

Demonization as a political and social stratagem knows no temporal or geographical bounds; it is a ploy as old as civilization itself. The objective of the game is to dehumanize an opponent (an individual or a group) in order to gain public support for his marginalization or destruction. Modern America abounds with examples of the demonization process, most of them perpetuated by the left (which includes Trotskyite neoconservatives) against the traditional, populist right. The Oklahoma City bombing, black church burnings, and the Atlanta Olympics pipe-bombing have all been used by the government and its lapdog media to portray anyone to the right of the Dole-Kemp ticket as a clear and present danger to the public weal. But the boogeyman singled out to receive the lion's share of the liberal/neoconservative opprobrium is the battleflag-waving Southern "cracker" or "redneck," who is uniformly presented by the media, the academy, and popular culture as Old Scratch incarnate.

Though Southerners of both high and low estate contributed mightily to the founding and advancement of the American Republic, they have been subjected to a long-running process of demonization that has turned them into national whipping boys in the latter half of the 20th century. The demonization of the South did not begin, as some may think, with the civil rights movement of the 1950's and 1960's, though it did take on a particularly hostile tone during those decades. Rather, the campaign to portray the South as the sole blot on an otherwise pure and shining "City on a Hill" began in earnest in the 1830's with the rise of the Yankee reformist impulse (i.e., Abolitionist, women's rights, temperance, antitobacco, and other like-minded movements) and fears that the so-called "Slave Power" of Southern aristocrats threatened American democracy. The three decades from the publication of William Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator* in 1831 to the outbreak of The War for Southern Independence in 1861 witnessed a virulent crusade to vilify not only the South's culture and institutions but Southerners themselves.

To understand why the Yankee thought it necessary and profitable to demonize the South, we must trace briefly the dichotomy between a rapidly changing antebellum North and a stable, conservative South. Southern men of affairs, especially South Carolina's John C. Calhoun, rightly understood that unchecked consolidation and the campaign against slavery would result in either the destruction of the South or in the dissolution of the Union. The gathering forces against which the South had to contend were indeed foreboding. The sweep of "progress" was already gripping the North (especially New England), urging it toward finance and industrial capitalism and the exploitation of "free" labor. William H. Seward warned the South that unless it voluntarily discarded its old ways—particularly an outmoded adherence to states' rights and the "peculiar institution"—it would later yield them amidst a sea of blood. Such threats to the well-being of their region caused thoughtful Southern leaders to consider what sort of checks might be imposed against an increasingly hostile North.

But progressive Northern leaders were in no mood to be checked by a numerical minority in the slaveholding South. Undermining the Southern way of life would be the first step in the triumph of the Yankee worldview, and to accomplish this the South had to be demonized in the eyes of a majority of Northerners before the radicals could hope for its actual physical destruction.

Revolutionary change in the North's economic and political systems had been accompanied by European-style reform movements of every stripe. Indeed, New England and parts of the Midwest now produced a breed of perpetual reformers in whom emotion trumped common sense and hard experience. Eventually, all the reformist strands were woven together into

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the rope of Abolitionism, and by the 1830's the antislavery movement had become a messianic religious crusade. Radical Abolitionist propaganda found its way not only into the literature and public oratory of the day, but into juvenile storybooks, church hymnals, and even almanacs.

The milder form of Abolitionism that existed until the late 1820's in both North and South called for gradual emancipation under conditions to be determined by those closest to the institution. Few men condemned the actual physical conditions of slavery; instead, they criticized the institution on the grounds of principle. In 1827, James Fenimore Cooper of New York told a French audience that "the American slave is better off, so far as mere animal wants are concerned, than the lower orders of the European peasants." Moreover, both sides in the debate were aware of the problems inherent in the manumission of several million Africans who lacked experience with self-government. Many, if not most, early advocates of emancipation favored one or another plan for the separation of the races. The American Colonization Movement, for instance, proposed to transport out of the country those slaves freed by their masters. Until the beginning of the 1830's, then, there was little overt hostility between the pro- and antislavery factions. But the first issue of Garrison's *Liberator* changed the nature of the slavery debate forever.

The *Liberator* gave Garrison a platform from which to stoke the fires of sectional hatred against the South, and he wasted no time in doing so. In the first issue of January 1, 1831, he declared: "I do not wish to think or speak or write with moderation. I will not retreat a single inch, and I will be heard." And so he was. Garrison and a vocal minority of New Englanders agitated unceasingly to distort and fictionalize Southern society and to make hatred of slavery synonymous with hatred of all who inhabited the slaveholding South. Southerners were described as "thieves and adulterers . . . who trample law and order beneath their feet . . . ruffians who insult, pollute, and lacerate helpless women; and . . . conspirators against the lives and liberties of New England citizens."

Like many New Englanders who wrote about the South during the middle third of the 19th century, Garrison possessed virtually no firsthand knowledge of the region. Along with Harriet Beecher Stowe, whose only visit had been a brief one to a model plantation in Kentucky, and arch-Abolitionist Wendell Phillips, Garrison created a simplistic and false portrait of a South whose social system was much more complex than they were willing to admit. Phillips the orator exceeded Garrison the editor in his ability to tug on the heartstrings of New Englanders over the slavery issue. He contended that the institution was not only evil, but that it represented a direct threat to the political and economic well-being of the North. The South's aristocratic Slave Power, as he called it, stood as an obstacle to the onward march of American democracy, and if the North was to avoid contracting this contagious disease, it must remake the South in its own progressive image. Unlike Garrison, who preached a philosophy of nonresistance, Phillips conjured for his audiences "scenes of blood through which a rebellious slave population must march to their rights." Long before Lincoln made his "House Divided Against Itself" speech, Wendell Phillips had already convinced many New Englanders that the slave and free sections "cannot live together."

Anti-Southern Abolitionist vitriol also found expression in the writings of some of New England's most popular men of letters: John Greenleaf Whittier, James Russell Lowell, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, to name but three. Though none but Emerson had actually traveled to the South, all confidently scorned the region as a benighted cultural backwater where sloth and stagnation prevailed. Just how susceptible to hearsay and rumor these men were can be gleaned from Whittier's *The Narrative of James Williams*. Williams, a runaway slave, told of being "sold down the river" by his owner in Virginia to a cruel master who foreshadowed Mrs. Stowe's Simon Legree. Whittier scandalized his readers with Williams' tales of his new master's barbarism, which included raping female slaves, whipping pregnant women until they miscarried, and shooting escaped field hands in the back.

The work was published by Boston's Anti-Slavery Society in 1838 and quickly went through six editions before being withdrawn after it was discovered that Whittier had not bothered to verify the truthfulness of Williams' fantastic tale. Nonetheless, Whittier's book made its mark. Even after learning of its fabrication, many Abolitionists still held that the narrative gave an accurate description of slavery in the Deep South. Howard R. Floan's *The South in Northern Eyes, 1831-1861* (1958) tells us: "In considering the reception of *The Narrative of James Williams*, it is not hard to understand how, after twelve years of conditioning, the American mind was well prepared for *Uncle Tom's Cabin*."

James Russell Lowell, though largely uninterested in the great political questions of the day that loomed over both North and South, was quick to assert that the preeminent struggle was one between the forces of enlightened Northern progressivism and Southern traditionalism. To Lowell, the South was "King Retro," stubbornly clinging to an unnatural and hierarchical worldview that eventually must bring it to ruin. The region's only salvation, he believed, was for it to adopt the prevailing ideologies of mid-19th-century New England, especially egalitarianism. His depiction of the typical Southerner as an idle ruffian and an ignorant hypocrite created in the popular imagination, according to Floan, "a villain who the people of the North would soon be quite willing to meet in battle."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, before joining the ranks of the radical Abolitionists in the mid-1840's, had opposed Southern slaveholders on principle, but did not sensationalize the alleged cruelty of master to slave as did Whittier and Lowell. Emerson wrote in the late 1820's: "For it is true that many a slave under the warm roof of a humane master, with easy labours and regular subsistence enjoys more happiness than his naked brethren in Africa." He also expressed a grudging admiration for the masculine fighting qualities of Southern men, and feared they would outmatch Yankees in the contest of politics. "The Southerner," he noted, "always beats us in politics. . . . [He] has personality, has temperament, has manners, persuasion, address, and terror. The cold Yankee . . . has not fire or firmness." Emerson's view was representative of a growing Northern resentment of the South's strength in national affairs.

Once Emerson joined the Abolitionists, he radically altered his view of the South. Most of his literary venom he saved for South Carolina, comparing it to contemporary Algiers. "We must go there," he fretted, "in disguise, and with pistols in our pockets, leaving our pocketbooks at home, making our wills before we go." South Carolina's chief rascal was, of course, the Nullifier Calhoun, whose voice, Emerson claimed, spoke for the state.

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The decade of the 1850's further convinced Emerson that, if unchecked, the South's "slaveocracy" would render New England impotent in American politics. Many of his fellow Northerners were lured into sympathizing with the South, he thought, by "the ascendancy of Southern manners." Alarmed at the prospects of Southern political dominance, Emerson discarded whatever objectivity he once may have had and increased the fury of his attacks on the region and its inhabitants. He called upon his fellow Abolitionists to help foster a climate in New England that would produce future Negro leaders in the mold of Toussaint, Douglass, Nat Turner, and Denmark Vesey. Such men, he believed, if unleashed on the villainous South, would bring more positive results than all the white antislavery societies then in existence.

But not all Northern men were of the same cut as Garrison, Phillips, Whittier, Lowell, and Emerson. For instance, Oliver Wendell Holmes, though he opposed Southern slavery in principle, refused to demonize the Southern people as "racists." Holmes feared that if the South's social system should be forcibly dismantled by radical Abolitionists, the egalitarian forces unleashed would eventually work to undermine the superior position of the New England Brahmins in their own region.

Like Holmes, Nathaniel Hawthorne viewed the emotionally charged, anti-South rhetoric of the Abolitionists as harmful to the nation's social and political stability. Aware of the unbridgeable cultural gap between the regions, Hawthorne advised a constitutional approach to the problem of slavery. He was indeed horrified to hear Emerson proclaim shortly after the execution of John Brown that "the death of this blood-stained fanatic has made the Gallows as venerable as the Cross!" Hawthorne joined most Southerners in thinking that Brown had received justice at the hangman's noose.

The literati of New York City also kept their distance from the rabid abolitionism of New England. Business and marriage alliances between New Yorkers and Southerners served to soften the former's perceptions of the latter. Herman Melville, William Cullen Bryant, and Walt Whitman, though surely no lovers of the South or slavery, all refused to engage in the general demonization of the region and its people. As Floan points out, "one must find in New York a body of opinion which objected to slavery without cursing the slaveholding South."

But when one looks closely at the demonization of antebellum Dixie, it is clear that New England, and particularly Boston, lay at the heart of the movement. Boston in the mid-19th century was the center of a Unitarian-Universalist revolt against traditional Christianity in which sinful mankind was transformed into a creature of innate goodness and light. If mankind was inherently good, then all social problems were external ones that could be eradicated by one sort of reform or another. Perhaps even the Southern slavedriver could be redeemed if only he could be made over in the image of the sturdy, democratic New Englander and his cousin in the Midwest who knew the proper interpretation of the Declaration of Independence. To these abstract idealists, the South seemed woefully out of step with the idea that "all men are created equal." While New Englanders called down the wrath of God's "terrible swift sword" against the South, Western men in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, writes historian A.O. Craven, "had a way of viewing evil as something there ought to be a law against." This combination of sanctimony and the appeal to laws that surely would be enacted by Randolph of Roanoke's "King Numbers," served to coalesce the disparate elements of the white South and gird them for the impending conflict.

The war waged from 1861 to 1865 was precipitated in no small part by the Abolitionists who had for 30 years fanned the flames of hatred against the South. When the fighting broke out in April 1861, they all rejoiced, some at finally being rid of the South and others at the opportunity to destroy her. One of their own, Julia Ward Howe, while in Washington during the early days of the war, penned the lyrics to what became the Unitarian-Abolitionist anthem—"The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Her words hailed the advent of a holy war against an evil South and equated the crucifixion of Christ with the present crusade against slavery. The South Carolina Presbyterian divine, Reverend James Henley Thornwell, well understood the nature of the "irrepressible conflict" waged against his homeland. He wrote: "The parties in this conflict are not merely Abolitionists and slaveholders, they are Atheists, Socialists, Communists, Red Republicans, Jacobins on the one side and the friends of order and regulated freedom on the other. In one word, the world is the battleground, Christianity and Atheism the combatants, and the progress of humanity the stake."

Four years of Jacobin-inspired warfare devastated the South. In addition to some 450,000 Confederate soldiers killed and wounded, the region's civilian population suffered horrendously, especially during the final campaigns of the conflict. The last months of the Confederacy were filled with arson, robbery, rape, and murder, crimes perpetrated more often than not with the approval of Union military officers and civilian officials. Much of the destruction was pure vandalism directed against defenseless women and children and represented a deliberate policy to strike terror in the hearts of the Southern people. What General William T. Sherman called the "holiest fight ever fought on God's earth" made little distinction between black and white. A reporter for the *New York Herald*, who witnessed the sack of Columbia, South Carolina, in 1865, noted that "Negro women were for the most part victims of the [Union] soldiers' lust. A number of them were woefully mistreated and ravished."

In the wake of this carnage, Northern business interests began a systematic and wholesale economic plundering of the South that would continue through Reconstruction. Oppressive taxes were levied on cotton, and in just three years (1865-68) over $70 million was expropriated from the Southern economy. As late as 1880 the value of Southern agricultural lands was only two-thirds of what it had been in 1860. Gross farm income did not rise above 1859 levels until the early 1880's, though the South's population rose nearly 50 percent during that period. In the decades following the war, the South became an economic colony at the mercy of Northeastern plutocrats who exacted enormous sums of capital through usurious interest rates, stole lands and resources through tax foreclosures, and rigged local elections at the point of a bayonet. Famine and pestilence stalked the land, and it was common to see homeless widows and orphans begging bread from door to door and once-proud veterans reduced to destitution. Indeed, Wendell Phillips summed up the situation well when he remarked after the war: "This [the North's victory] is the new dispensation. This is the New Testament. 1860 is the blank leaf between the old and the new. . . . We have conquered not the geographical but the ideal South . . . and we have a right to

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trample it under the heel of our boots. This is the meaning of the war." So it was.

The sort of destruction laid upon Southerners can be sold to the public only if the targets of that destruction are demonized to the point of having their humanity stripped away. They thus become nonpersons against whom the most vile depredations can be righteously excused. Both public and private organs in the North perpetrated a false image of Southern "savagery": the murder of Union prisoners on the battlefield; the unique horrors of Andersonville prison; and the complicity of Jefferson Davis in the assassination of Abraham Lincoln. By such lies and distortions, the War Department and the Congressional Joint Committee on the Conduct of the War place the mark of infamy upon the South. Northerners who took a less emotional view of the South also had ulterior, mercenary motives: the restoration of the former Confederate states to the Union as markets for Northern goods and capital. They hoped that through contact with the North the region could be morally regenerated and brought to see the benefits of Republican Party rule.

The South's defeat in 1865, as Thornwell predicted, cleared the way for the triumph of a Jacobin worldview in a consolidated American Empire. Wasted by war and military occupation and swindled by crooked Carpetbag and Scalawag "entrepreneurs," the Southern people could do nothing to halt the centralizers' juggernaut. One would think the demonizers' work done at this point. But after a truce of sorts prevailed for several decades, especially during times of war when the American nation needed the services of Southern manhood, the demonization of all things traditionally Southern resumed apace in the 1950's and 1960's during the civil rights movement.

The ongoing assault on the South is reminiscent of the Abolitionist campaign of the mid-19th century in that it seeks to vilify an entire people on the basis of lies and half-truths perpetrated by men with little knowledge of the subject about which they write. I could give countless examples, but I shall limit myself to a rather recent one from popular culture. In the early 1970's, Canadian singer Neil Young wrote and recorded a neo-Abolitionist tune called "Southern Man," in which he whines: "I heard screaming, bullwhips cracking, how long, how long?" Young's musical diatribe was quickly answered by a group of battleflag-waving, good ol' boys known collectively as Lynyrd Skynyrd, whose "Sweet Home Alabama" remains the favorite of many an unreconstructed Southron. Lead singer Ronnie Van Zandt growled a challenge to Young and his ilk: "I heard Mr. Young sing about her, well I heard ol' Neil put her down. I hope Neil Young will remember, Southern man don't need him around anyhow." Van Zandt's lyrics may lack a certain eloquence, but they say simply and directly what demonized Southerners have been thinking for the last 160 years. ©

With Loss of Eden

by Harold McCurdy

When honeybees were humming round the flowers
And bluebirds tenderly vocal in the trees,
This earth was sweet, this blessed earth of ours,
With modest hopes and quiet ecstasies.

That was before the last of the old wagons
Rolled into town from farms on market days;
That was before the wings of metal dragons
Crowded the open heaven's broad highways.

What has become of them, humming and singing,
The bees and bluebirds old men can recall?
They have been driven off by Progress bringing
Equality and liberty for all.

Decline and Fall

by Harold McCurdy

Rome cluttered up its streets with foreign litters,
Erected temples to Victory and Luck,
Relaxed its borders to strange hairy critters,
Forgot the wolf that gave its founders suck.

Turned on itself, and in that inward turning
Discovered a secret rot brought on by germs
Transmitted to its vestals from the burning
Bisexual loins of virile Grecian herms.

It was too late to change. Its Eagle's talons
Had gathered up more prey than it could tame
Or otherwise employ except as felons
To spread abroad and foul the Roman name.

It was a time needing regeneration
Beyond the scope of any power of Rome's.
It had to cease to be an imperial nation
And rise from the dead out of the catacombs.

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The Russian Demon

by Wayne Allensworth

In the year 1818, Aleksandr Pushkin penned these lines in his well-known verse "To Chaadaev," addressed to his friend Peter Chaadaev, one of the leading Russian liberals of the period:

> Comrade, believe: joy's star will leap
> Upon our sight, a radiant token;
> Russia will rouse from her long sleep;
> And where autocracy lies, broken,
> Our names shall yet be graven deep.

Though associated in his youth with the clandestine reformist organizations that came to be called the "Decembrists" after the failed anti-Czarist revolt of December 1825, Chaadaev came to doubt that Russia would ever "rouse from her long sleep." He became profoundly pessimistic about the future of his country, so pessimistic that he would one day write in his *Philosophical Letters* that Russia had "given nothing to the world." Russia, he thought in the late 1820's and early 30's, had "contributed nothing to the progress of the human spirit. And we have disfigured everything we have touched of that progress."

From the pessimism of the early Chaadaev, the radical intelligentsia of 19th-century Russia moved to outright Russophobia, a hatred and fear of all things distinctly Russian. In fact, V.S. Pecherin, a Moscow University professor whose views were quite similar to Chaadaev's (he left Russia for good in 1836), wrote this bit of verse that foreshadowed the development of Russophobia within Russia itself:

> How sweet it is to hate one's country
> And eagerly await her destruction
> And to see in the destruction of one's country
> The dawn of a world reborn.

Russian liberalism and radicalism had grown from the seeds planted by the Petrine reforms of the late 17th and early 18th centuries. Peter, Czar of Russia from 1682 to 1725 (he took the more Western-sounding title "Emperor" in 1721), had recognized that "Westernization," in this case the centralization of political power and a modernization of the military, as well as of trade, industry, and education, was necessary if Russia were not to be either dominated by the Western powers or isolated and left out of the Great Game of European imperialism. His opening of a "window to the West," however, opened up Russia to an intellectual and ideological ferment that the "revolutionary Czar" had not intended. Like Peter himself, the nascent Russian intelligentsia traveled to Europe (Chaadaev had sojourned there for three years, 1823-1826), borrowing especially the intellectual framework of the German Romantic Idealists, among whom Hegel eventually became the most important for Russian thinkers of the first half of the 19th century. It is this intellectual, cultural, and sociopolitical "Westernization" that the conservative historian Nikolai Karamzin had in mind when he wrote, disapprovingly, that during Peter's reign "We began to be citizens of the world, but we ceased in some measure to be citizens of Russia."

The intellectual encounter with the German romantics, as

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well as with the reformist-revolutionary impulse encouraged by many army officers' contacts with the West in the Napoleonic wars, fused in a liberal-radical mindset that proclaimed that Russia had been left outside "history," that Russia was a barbaric country inhabited by a primitive people who were psychologically and culturally unable to join Europe (all non-European countries and peoples were viewed as outside "history"), and that only dramatic reforms—or radical revolution—could reconnect Russia with Europe (the Great Schism had cut off Russia from the source of her potential development). Once reformed, Russia could join in the dialectic of progress. The "end of history" might be constitutional government, as many of the patriotic "right" Hegelian persuasion contended, but others, unsatisfied with the notion of liberalism as the teleological aim of historical development, turned to a "philosophy of action" and materialism as the justification for revolutionary anarchism, terrorism, and the eventual adoption of Marxism as the creed of the radical intelligentsia. "Negation," particularly the negation and hatred of one's own country or people, became the watchword of the atheistic nihilists.

For the radicals, Russia was a nation of slaves, of superstitious (Orthodoxy was judged a particularly primitive form of "religious cult"), drunken, envious peasants who worshiped cruelty and hated everything foreign or that even smacked of advanced culture. Russia was the home of despotism (it is important to note here that, Ivan the Terrible notwithstanding, Peter borrowed the absolutist model from the West; Marxism was not the only Western import that attacked traditional society) and was a danger to the rest of the world, a roadblock on the path marked "progress." The only solution was the destruction of Russia and the transformation of the half-human Russians into "New Soviet Men." To that end, the Bolshevik leadership, after seizing power in 1917, attacked Russia with a vengeance. Church property was confiscated and religious instruction in the schools terminated, priests executed, churches and other historically significant buildings defaced, history rewritten, and Russian cultural traditions denigrated. The destruction of the peasant village and the rape of the land by the Soviets is well known, and the mass murder of millions by the regime is today an acknowledged historical truth.

Such an acknowledgment was not always forthcoming in certain radical and Marxist quarters in the West, a fact that returns us to an examination of the sources of Russia's homegrown epidemic of "Russophobia," a term popularized by the mathematician Igor Shafarevich in the 1980's. The feeling of inferiority among the Russian intelligentsia engendered by the encounter with the technologically and materially superior West—a West, we must recognize, that was already moving away from the "enlightened despotism" more or less copied by Peter toward liberalism, something that made comparisons of "Russian" despotism with Western liberty all the more grating—were strengthened by their reading of European philosophers' opinions of Russia. The French traditionalist De Bonald, for instance, who influenced the development of Chaadaev's views, once wrote that Russia, geographically situated between East and West, was neither, but rather an undeveloped society without deep roots, a nation of Scythian-like nomads.

Indeed, with some exceptions, the view of Russia as a primitive or "undeveloped" society (read "inferior") with little to offer the world—or even as representing a threat to the advanced nations of Europe, like the hordes of Attila or Genghis Khan, rather than as a bulwark of Christian civilization, as the Russians often viewed themselves—was and is a view widely held on both the right and the left of the Western political spectrum. True, the far left may have learned Russian in the salad days of the Soviet "experiment," when the Russian demon was judged to have been exorcised or transformed by the stern but enlightened hand of Lenin or the Great Leader of the Peoples himself, Stalin, and the right might have lauded the anti-Soviet works of Solzhenitsyn during the Cold War (while largely ignoring his doubts about Western consumerism), or shed crocodile tears for a traditional Russia they knew nothing about, but the majority view on Russia was evident even then.

The Russophobic consensus of today's West is, however, neither the far left's Marxist-Leninist hatred of old-regime Russia nor the Nazis' racist view of Russians as *Untermenschen*, but rather something more akin to that of the Cold War anticommunist coalition as it emerged in the 1960's and 70's, and mutated into a sort of middling neoliberal/neoconservative conglomerate in the 1980's. Who, after all, on the "left" could object to the globalist propaganda for a new internationalist order dedicated to the "democratic revolution," the global hegemony of "democratic capitalism," i.e., mass democracy combined with welfare-state consumerism, of today's mainstream right? This is the very same system that the neoconservatives' mentor, Ronald Reagan, thought the most revolutionary in human history, a force that fuses the radical egalitarianism of the "left" with the consumerist ideology of the "right." In a word, we are back to the Hegelian question of "history," and the prospect of its end.

Francis Fukuyama, the prophet of a universal "democratic capitalism" that embraces the economism of the conventional right and the democratism of the mainstream left, has written that the modernization of non-Western countries in the past few centuries has put the world on a path of global evolution that will make possible the writing of a "universal history." As non-Western countries modernized themselves by employing Western techniques and technologies, goes the argument, they bought into a mode of development whose logical endpoint is universalism and homogenization. In Mr. Fukuyama's estimation, all countries that "modernize," i.e., that follow the path taken by "democratic capitalist" societies, pass through two developmental stages, first a stage that roughly corresponds to the process developmental theorists have called "nation building," and then, at a later time, a stage the First World appears to be in now, the stage of globalization. In the latter stage, the nation-state "unbuilds" itself and becomes tied to the emerging global system. In the end, no country will be—indeed, *no country can be*—left "outside history." The emerging global monoculture demands, in typical "democratic capitalist" style, that the particular peoples and the unique cultures they generate must be dissolved in the universal stew, a stew whose only spice is the variety of goods and services available to the atomized mass of consumers that will remain.

Sir James Goldsmith, in his book *The Trap*, dissected the "democratic capitalist" tendency to view any rejection of the global monoculture as "a sign of either dementia or evil." The globalists, including, one might add, the Russian radicals and nihilists of an earlier time as well as some of their epigones (by temperament much milder, to be sure) still active in Russian public life today, "[are] convinced that . . . [they] have discovered the only model of society which benefits humanity, and [that they] have a moral duty to ensure that the whole world

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adopts that model." All those who oppose—or even criticize—the globalist trinity (liberalism, democratism, consumerism) are de facto agents of the Evil One.

Russian nationalism, then, *is* something of an impediment to the globalist project, as the Russian right has so long maintained. Such a gigantic chunk of the earth's surface, such an influential nation, could not be left out of the Grand Design. Any assertion of Russian uniqueness, of a distinctly Russian mission, of a right to a "third way" between communism and "democratic capitalism," is therefore xenophobic, racist, obscurantist, etc., etc. So much then for the alleged uniqueness of Russian messianism, for the supposedly pronounced dogmatism of Orthodoxy, for the special Russian hatred of all things foreign—for what thing that is particular and distinct is not foreign to the globalist?—or for the assumed particularly aggressive quality of Russian imperialism. For that matter, so much for the uniqueness of Russophobia (and I do not mean to say that it does not have its own peculiar features or special significance for the Russians themselves), for it is but one manifestation of the real phobia that grips the globalist mind, the fear and hatred of all things that are distinct, organic, and particular. In the mind of the globalist exponent of "democratic capitalism," it is not merely nation-states that are obsolete, but the nations, tribes, clans, and in some cases even the families through which most of us make sense of the world that are also doomed to be tossed on the oft-mentioned dustbin of history.

One Russian nationalist has observed and commented at some length on the bizarre behavior of those afflicted with the spiritual disease known to us as "consumerism." Aleksandr Rutskoi, the former Russian vice president, has lamented his countrymen's headlong rush to join the blocks-long line snaking its way past the statue of Russia's greatest man of letters to Moscow's Pushkin Square McDonald's. The line, he noted, "probably perplexes Aleksandr Sergeyevich [Pushkin], frozen on his pedestal" across the street. There were times, after all, when Pushkin's compatriots "formed similar massive crowds to catch a glimpse of the miraculous Iverskaya icon of the Holy Mother," or had waited outside the Pushkin Museum to view treasured works of art. Unchecked "Westernization" (one winces at the notion that the Golden Arches are the prime symbol of what many now call the "West") may be in its own way just as bad as communism. What "hurts me" the most, Rutskoi confessed, was the unexamined fascination of many of his countrymen with the trinkets of consumerism. This was "not like waiting for food," it was "like waiting for Holy Communion." Russia's spiritual decline is, for him, "more terrifying than the feebleness of our semi-ruined economy." The prophets of Russian revival—he singled out Solzhenitsyn—could "hardly be heard in today's babble of voices." Whatever his faults—and there is more than a grain of truth in the charge that his particular brand of Russian nationalism tends toward statism—who among us can deny the insight of Rutskoi's remarks?

It might interest Russian nationalists to know that even some globalist ideologues have expressed doubts about the results of the destruction of organic societies that is a doctrinal necessity of the globalist faith. Fukuyama himself is troubled by the prospect of a world of Nietzschean "last men." Mr. Fukuyama calls the "last man" a "human being who is content with himself, and with a life of endless material accumulation, a being without striving, sacrifice, risk, or ideals." The problem of the "last man" is, according to Fukuyama, "the deepest problem of liberal democracy," which is in danger of leaving its citizens with "stunted souls." The "last man" with his "stunted soul" is, in fact, the enlightened consumer that Fukuyama's followers have tried to sell to us as the model citizen of their brave new world. The only world in which "freedom" can really exist in their eyes is a world without culture, without art, without true spirituality, and without the passionate attachments of real people to their own nation, country, family, or neighborhood. A friend of mine, upon observing the frenzied reaction of a crowd of Russian youths to a Michael Jackson concert in Moscow, once quipped, "No wonder they [in this case, the Russian nationalists] hate us." No wonder, indeed. The eccentric Mr. Jackson, "Western" fast-food outlets, and trashy films and television shows, among other things, are nowadays treated as signs of progress by many (but not all) neo-Westernizers. How far we have come from Chaadaev, whose Western model was Greco-Romanized Christendom!

On the subject of history and Russia's place in it, Peter Chaadaev not only influenced the budding Westernizer intellectual current in Russia, but the conservative Slavophiles as well. As the eminent Polish scholar of the Westernizer-Slavophile controversy, Andrzej Walicki, has noted, Chaadaev was "horrified" by the July Revolution in France, something that undermined, for a time at least, his faith in Europe. Walicki relates that Chaadaev, after discussing the events with future members of the Slavophile current, particularly Ivan Kireevsky, began to see Russia "as a force reserved by Providence for a special mission and therefore kept apart from the great family of nations that had participated in history." Russia could borrow from Europe, but learn from, and avoid, Europe's mistakes. The end of history would be foreshadowed by Russia's answering "the most important questions facing humanity."

Chaadaev's theme was later taken up by the Slavophiles. The West had taken many "wrong turns," but Russia, which had avoided them by remaining true to the purity of Orthodoxy, would one day, after borrowing carefully from among the West's undoubted achievements, create a new synthesis that would shine as an example to the world. The Slavophile end of history would be the reunification of Christendom as the West, in turn, learned from Russia. Russians, therefore, are, as Dostoyevsky later maintained, "drawn toward brotherhood." For the Slavophiles, Russia was destined to be the carrier of a message of reconciliation to suffering humanity, but a carrier that should, indeed *must*, respect the distinctiveness of the world's peoples. If the classical Slavophiles' philosophy of history was distorted by many of their epigones—emerging as either imperialistic Pan-Slavism later in the 19th century or an Hegelianized Marxism for communists of the "National Bolshevik" persuasion in the 20th—we can at least recognize that their messianic tendencies were surely not unique in the annals of human history, or that the unity they envisioned was a unity of distinct nations, each a unique facet of God's design. The Russians are hardly demons, but flawed human beings who suffer from the same fallen condition as the rest of humanity. If the decline of civilizations can be measured in stages of cultural decay, then the decline from the Cross as unifying symbol to that of the Golden Arches has indeed been a precipitous one. If imperialism must be our destiny, then we should find more heroic banners to march under.

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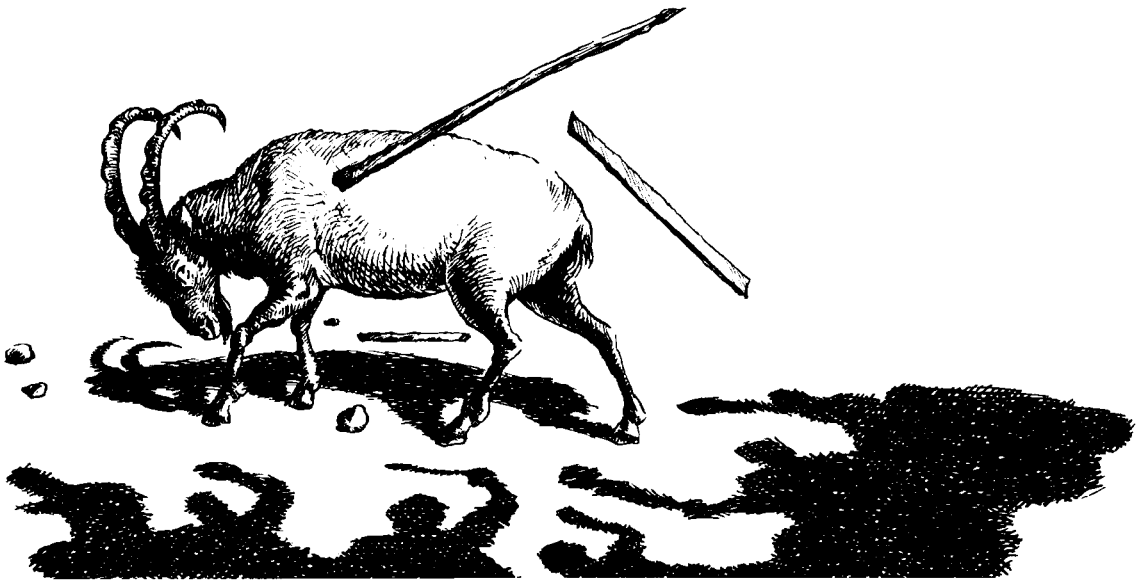
The Media War Against the Serbs

by Négovan Rajic



Anatol Woolf

In the Yugoslav conflict, misinformation has exceeded anything ever witnessed during World War II. Television coverage of the war has appealed to emotions and weakened our faculties for critical analysis, leaving them vulnerable to manipulation by opinion-makers.

To win any media war today, it is of prime importance to hire a good public relations firm. Take, for example, Ruder Finn Global Affairs, which has worked for both the Muslims and Croats since the very beginning of the war. Its director is James Harff, who declared to Jacques Merlino, assistant editor-in-chief of *France* 2: "Our job is not to verify information. We are not paid to uphold any morals. Our job consists of accelerating the circulation of any information which we deem to be favorable and to target previously selected targets." Their role as propagandists could not have been stated clearer.

The methods of misinformation are so numerous and varied that they could provide writers with a quasi-inexhaustible source of material and case studies to write about for years to come. Let's limit ourselves to a few examples.

Everybody remembers the excessive news coverage that accompanied the supposed Serb bombing of the old city of Dubrovnik. To help generate media attention and arouse the public, a famous American diva was brought in; a few Western intellectuals, in need of a cause to defend, signed petitions to stop this barbaric destruction, while television showed the ramparts of the old fortress lit up in flames, which in reality were automobile tires doused in gasoline and lit at the feet of the ramparts. These images provoked a general indignation against the Serbs, but once the battles had stopped, the press could not show any photos of the ruins of the old city, and no one forced the issue, because misinformation depends, with reason, on collective amnesia. (The only destroyed building, which of course was never reported, was the Serbian Orthodox Church, which was gutted by flames caused not by bombardment but rather from ground-level arson.)

Another method of misinformation involves self-imposed blackouts and omissions of events. One such example is the Croats' destruction of the Muslim-held part of Mostar and its famous bridge, a story which was seldom mentioned and never publicly condemned by editorialists. There is even a geographically illiterate publication in France, *l'Actuel*, which showed a photo of the old Mostar bridge and described it as having been destroyed by Serb artillery in Vukovar!

Misinformation was again a key element in the orchestration of the Sarajevo massacres. The first of these, which happened on May 27, 1992, in front of a bakery on Vasa Miskin street in Sarajevo, killed 17 people and injured 150. It resulted in sanctions against Yugoslavia, even though responsibility for the event was never established with certitude. General Lewis MacKenzie, the first commander of U.N. troops in Sarajevo, had this to say: "The Bosnian presidency denounced this as a Serbian act. The Serbs talk about an explosive charge planted in advance. Our soldiers [the Canadians] say that a certain number of disturbing details do not make sense. The street was blocked just before the incident. Once a line up was formed, the Bosnian media showed up on location but stayed at a distance and were then able to rush to the site immediately after the attack had finished."

Two years later, on February 5, 1994, a similar carnage took place, this time in the Markale market in Sarajevo. In his book *Casque Bleu Pour Rien*, a French superior officer who wrote under the pseudonym of Commandant Franchet said: "But here also the blue helmets refuse to confirm the thesis of a Serb shell and talk of a remote controlled explosive device instead. Four days later, NATO passes an ultimatum to the Bosnian Serbs."

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> In the Yugoslav conflict, misinformation has exceeded anything ever witnessed during World War II.

We now know a great deal about these "Serb" atrocities in Sarajevo. Jean Daniel, editor of the magazine *Le Nouvel Observateur*, in the August 31, 1995, issue under the revealing title, "No more lies about Bosnia," made an unprecedented confession: that the Prime Minister at the time of the market massacre, as well as many other ministers and two French generals, had confirmed to him that the *Muslims* were the true authors of this carnage. The following statement is self-explanatory:

> "They [the Muslims] have committed this carnage on their own people?" I exclaimed in consternation. "Yes," confirmed the Prime Minister [Eduard Balladur] without hesitation, "but at least they have forced NATO to intervene."

The military interventions against the Serbs were therefore justified because of this useful lie, or, more precisely, by a series of lies; the initial lie creating others so as to confirm and justify the preceding one. Even as there is in France an unnerving similarity with the Dreyfus Affair, there is in the Markale marketplace affair a sort of slow progression into immorality which the media have refused to acknowledge. During the Dreyfus Affair, none of the main players ever admitted to having used lies to defend the honor of the French army. In the case of Markale, a Prime Minister admits, without hesitation, that a lie was propagated, but that he considered it necessary to help NATO come out of its indecision.

Obviously, we need to investigate the reasons for this vast campaign of misinformation which, both in the West and in the Muslim world, has tried to present the Serbs as aggressors. Although the Western media are free, they are not independent from governmental pressures, especially when it comes to foreign policy. More often than not, a government will suggest to the media a general orientation on which it will later depend, in the form of public opinion, to justify its policies. This was the modus operandi of the German government, which prematurely recognized Croatia and Slovenia under the pretext of pressures from public opinion which it had itself shaped.

The decisive (though discreet) role of Germany in the decomposition of Yugoslavia was of critical importance. The chronology of events demonstrates this very well. The conflict in Yugoslavia started less than a year after the fall of the Berlin Wall, almost as if there was a cause-and-effect relation which joined the reunification of Germany with the decomposition of Yugoslavia. The German desire to have an opening to the Mediterranean and to be surrounded by small satellite states is certainly an important element of its foreign policy. After all, it is not the Serbs who invented the *Drang Nach Osten*, or even the idea of *Lebensraum*, this vital space the German people supposedly need to flourish.

By supporting the decomposition of Yugoslavia, Germany has also satisfied its long-standing obsession with a state which it believed, wrongly, to be an artificial creation of the Treaty of Versailles. For Turkey, a secular state that is strongly influenced by fundamentalist groups, the establishment of the first Islamic state in Europe would be in some ways a return to its glory days in the Balkans. To understand all these geopolitical problems, we can turn to the writings of General Pierre M. Gallois and specifically his book *Le Soleil d'Allah Aveugle l'Occident*. Identifying clearly the powers which have an interest in seeing the Serbs blamed as the aggressors in the Yugoslavian conflict does not necessarily imply the innocence of the Serbs nor the culpability of the Croats and Muslims, but it does show that the culpability of the Serbs is based essentially on geopolitical concerns.

However, it is in editorial cartoons that the demonization of the Serbs has reached a degree of virulence and racism hitherto never seen (or allowed) in the Western media. The caricature published in the Montreal daily *Le Devoir* from February 14, 1995, shows Serbs firing on children in Sarajevo. It is accompanied by the following sentence: "The problem with kids is that they move all the time." The same primitive smear tactic is evident in different caricatures published by such French papers as *Le Monde* and *L'Express*, which continue to this day to draw Serb soldiers decorated with the communist star, an emblem which has not been worn for many years. The Montreal daily *Gazette* published on July 12, 1995, a picture of Dr. Karadzic with a simian face, along with the following commentary: "The living proof of Darwin's theory: Serb leader Radovan Karadzic." In the same vein, *Danas* magazine, which is published in Zagreb, shows the evolution of a monkey into a man and his regression from man to Serb.

The caricature published by *La Presse* on Wednesday, May 10, 1995, deserves a special place in this Hall of Shame. Two Serb soldiers are shown shooting on a city, probably Sarajevo, while one of them comments, "We're not killing large scale like in '40! WE don't work with huge ovens. WE do this with fine detail . . . one by one!" When we know that many Serbs ended up in Croatian crematoriums during World War II, it is time to say, "Enough is enough!" Had any other ethnic group been the target of such a vicious and racist attack, every human rights group in the world would have been outraged.

After the fall of the Berlin Wall, a new era of prosperity seemed to open for Western nations, and the war in Yugoslavia forced European leaders to choose between European unity and the destruction of Yugoslavia. Pressed by the troubles of Maastricht and by German stubbornness on the question of recognition of secessionist states, they decided to sacrifice the latter without realizing that in the long run this also signified the death of the European spirit. This opened a Pandora's Box from which old demons escaped and joined with new ones, which no one had the courage to call by their names. Instead of recognizing Germany's responsibility, the ruling political and intellectual leaders preferred simply to close their eyes. The demonization of the Serbs was the result.

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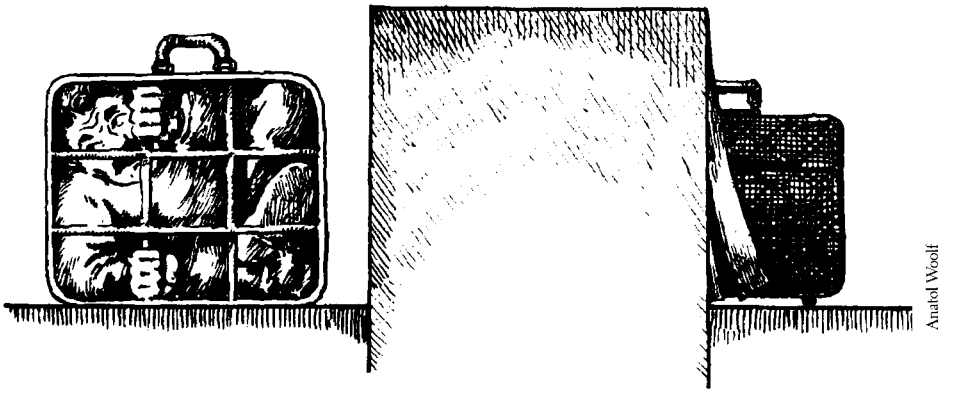
Demon States

The Construction of a Terrorist Network

by Philip Jenkins



Anatol Wooff

Sometime in the early 1980's, terrorism ceased to be seen as a tactic and became a movement. Originally, the term referred to acts committed by a government against its own people, on the precedent of the French revolutionary Terror in the 1790's. Gradually, the word shifted its meaning, to denote violent resistance against governments; and most recently, Terrorism (usually capitalized) became the specter haunting the West, the armed fist of Islamic and Oriental despotism against democracy and Judeo-Christian civilization. This monstrous empire had its distinctive geography, with seats of peculiar evil in Damascus and Tehran, Khartoum and Tripoli. Terrorism thus construed was a force Out There that threatened our cities and streets: the nightmare was that it could someday "come to America."

While this vision was always flawed, the whole concept of terrorism as an alien and Oriental force seems particularly tenuous after the Oklahoma City bombing, which led many writers to recall the lengthy history of violence within the United States. However, the idea of terrorism as a Middle Eastern predilection still pervades Western attitudes, both at the popular and political levels. It is most in evidence following some terrorist spectacular like last year's attack on American forces in Saudi Arabia or (arguably) the downing of TWA Flight 800. At these times, the media are generally full of elaborate flow charts depicting the dissemination of money and techniques from particular countries to international groups and individuals, whose networks are drawn with loving care. This material permits governments to declare that action X can infallibly be associated with Group Y, which serves as a surrogate for nation Z; which in the correct circumstances can thus qualify itself to become the target of American bombs or Cruise missiles.

Remarkably, virtually nobody ever questions the attributions of blame offered in such accounts, whether they derive from the elite journalists of the *New York Times* and *Wall Street Journal* or from the talking heads on the Cable News Network, Ted Turner's very own News Lite. Do these people really know what they are talking about? And even if they did, would they be presenting the unvarnished truth to the watching millions? This lack of critical assessment is striking because we now know enough to say that for over a decade, a sizable proportion of the interpretations of terrorism emanating from these same sources was bunk. Real perpetrators of terrorism were by and large ignored, usually because they were seen, however improbably, as our friends, while other petty villains were constantly highlighted and exaggerated because they had offended the wrong people and often lacked the military strength to prevent them from being penalized (frequently for the crimes of others). Moreover, these misinterpretations were well known to policymakers at the time. It may be, of course, that these problems are now wholly resolved, and that governments and intelligence agencies are telling the media the whole pristine truth about what they know concerning terrorist actions, but this seems improbable.

Political distortions affect not only the grand picture of terrorism, but also the investigation of terrorist acts. Contrary to the rhetoric of impartial science and forensic investigation, such reconstructions tend to be a profoundly political process, in which blame is attributed through a kind of intuition, subject to political pressure. Results are arrived at through negotiation, and evidence is then highlighted or discarded to achieve and publicize a desired result. The resulting interpretation then enters the realm of universally acknowledged fact, and in turn shapes future investigations: if I had not believed it, I would not have seen it with my own eyes!

The difficulties inherent in understanding terrorism can be illustrated from the terrorist wave that appeared to sweep over Western countries in the mid-1980's, and specifically during the one year of 1986. This was the time of such atrocities as the

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Istanbul synagogue massacre, the devastating series of bombings in Paris, and attempts to blow up Israeli and other Western airliners. That April, President Reagan decided to take a leaf out of the Israeli book, and sent aircraft against Libyan targets: he thus followed the "stand tough" strategy advocated by up-and-coming Israeli diplomat Benjamin Netanyahu. Though the Libyans were the most conspicuous international villains, Western politicians and media also sustained intense propaganda campaigns against other perceived bandit states, including Syria and Iran.

A case can be made for dismissing "international thugs" like Syria, Libya, and Iran as deeply corrupt and violent despotisms, and there is no question that at some point each government did indeed indulge in terrorist activity. However, in each of the cases in which they were most directly blamed for sponsoring terrorism, we now know that they were, if not innocent, then at least not guilty of the specific charges leveled against them. Moreover, Western governments knew this at the time. When, for instance, Reagan ordered the bombing of Libya, this was in response to the reported interception of messages which clearly implicated Libya and Syria in an attack on American servicemen. And Syria? So why exactly were the bombs not falling on Damascus? One perennial answer is that Libya is a convenient country to bomb: it has weak air defenses, a paltry military, and virtually no friends and sympathizers. In every way, it is the mirror image of well-armed and well-connected Syria. The question for international law, order, and justice thus proceeds on the familiar law-enforcement maxim of "leave the powerful guy alone, and arrest the street thugs."

At other times, however, the Syrians did become the prime suspects, a role greatly enhanced by the visceral enmity between that nation and Israel. One still-baffling case involves the 1986 attempt by a Jordanian man to blow up an El Al airliner by persuading his unsuspecting pregnant girlfriend to travel on the plane with a suitcase full of explosives. The plot was detected, the airliner saved, and international sanctions descended upon the Syrians. It was all very black and white, until a journalist some weeks later succeeded in eavesdropping on a conversation between the German Chancellor and French Prime Minister, who were chortling over the brilliance of Israeli intelligence in setting up such a bogus plot, which had produced such wonderful diplomatic results. The taped conversation might have been mere gossip, but one would think that two such powerful leaders would have very good access to intelligence sources of their own.

The overarching interpretation of blame sometimes affects both the direct investigation of the act and its treatment in the media. Consider, for example, the heinous attack on an Istanbul synagogue in 1986, in which 21 worshipers were killed, along with two terrorists. The *New York Times* published a model investigation of this crime by correspondent Judith Miller, who has since emerged as an influential expert on Middle Eastern terrorism (see, for example, her recent book *God Has Ninety-Nine Names*). Despite the author's credentials, the *Times* story is a fascinating example of the selective and ultimately misleading presentation of evidence.

The specifics of the incident are crucial to establishing a political context. According to Miller, two terrorists carried out the attack prior to locking the synagogue doors and committing suicide with grenades, a violent exit they had planned from the beginning. This tactic is highly informative for attributing blame for the act, as it virtually proves that the culprits must have been Muslims of fundamentalist disposition, probably connected with a Shiite group (Christian terrorists, Arab or Armenian, are far less likely to engage in suicide attacks). This leads Miller to a trail of evidence that indicts the usual three suspects for sponsoring the act: Libya, Iran, and Syria, working through the notorious "Abu Nidal" group. The problem in all this is that we have other accounts of the deed, which are quite different from the *Times* story. According to Turkish police reports, several men entered the synagogue, and some ran off when the police arrived. Two others blockaded themselves in the building, and probably blew themselves up by mistake.

The difference in the stories may seem trivial, but it radically changes our ideas of the groups likely to have been responsible. It also illustrates the fact that reports of terrorist incidents are often conditioned by self-interest. The Turkish police did not want to admit having lost major terrorists, and were anxious to portray the violence as having come from outside their own country. Moreover, Turkey desperately needed to establish its credentials as a worthy partner in the European Community, and being a "victim" of Arab terrorists would have certainly helped its case. Better still, the Israeli sources (on which most terrorism reports rely) were quite delighted to fuel the ongoing effort to discredit the Damascus regime.

To think of a recent American parallel to such political considerations, think of the furious debate over the investigation of TWA Flight 800, in which the airline, the engine-makers, and the victims' families all had massive financial and political stakes in the question of whether the incident resulted from a bomb, a missile, or a mechanical disaster, and how each group has tried to emphasize evidence beneficial to its own perspective. But perhaps the most notorious example of a self-interested investigation concerned the horrifying bomb attack in 1988, which brought down Pan Am Flight 103 over Lockerbie, Scotland. Anyone wishing to observe Orwellian principles at work can do no better than to trace the attribution of blame for this crime, which within a few months had been unequivocally laid at the door of two nations, Iran and (who else?) Syria. From mid-1989 through mid-1990, we knew precisely which Palestinian group had done this, and for what motive (revenge for the accidental downing of an Iranian airliner by an American warship). Books, documentaries, and television movies all presented the same account, naming names and even depicting in fictionalized form the scene in which an Iranian minister gave a terrorist leader the multimillion-dollar payment for carrying out the deed. The whole framework was as clearly part of the historical record as the events of the Battle of Gettysburg: the only difference is that the Pan Am 103 story has since been changed, with the leading characters thoroughly altered. Today, not only are Syrians and Iranians *not* blamed for this crime but it appears from some texts that they never were serious suspects.

The reason for this universal *volte face* can succinctly be described as Saddam Hussein, whose invasion of Kuwait in August 1990 set off a huge international crisis, following which George Bush cobbled together a large but fragile global coalition. The most delicate negotiations involved the Arab states, who had to be prevented from supporting their brother dictator, and above all, the Syrians were to be bought off at all costs. But how could the Americans possibly treat with the butchers of Pan Am 103? Just as the diplomatic process was becoming hopelessly entangled, rescue came in the form of "new forensic

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evidence," which showed that the Syrians were in fact innocent, and the actual culprits were (so conveniently) the Libyans! Honor could be satisfied, the Syrians mollified, and another atrocity laid at Colonel Qaddafi's doorstep.

Who controls the present controls the past; who controls the past, controls the future. Power gives one the right not only to determine the messages transmitted in the media, but also to convince the audience that this reality has always existed, whatever contortions this may cause in the memories of individuals. If Americans had a better grasp of the differences between (say) Libyans and Syrians, perhaps they would be more disturbed by the ease with which one culprit yielded place to another, with scarcely any admission that a change was in fact being made.

It is fascinating to observe the periods in which these transformations actually occur, in which states not only interchange particular friends with foes, but pretend that nothing has changed at all. This was evident following the Kuwait invasion, when the West suddenly discovered that Saddam Hussein (gruff strongman, firm but fair military figure, bastion of the Arab world against Iranian expansion) was in fact Saddam Hussein (New Hitler and paramount threat to the peace and prosperity of the entire world). And at precisely that point, the West discovered that Saddam controlled the terrorist hordes of the world, that Baghdad was in reality the center of this Evil Empire, and moreover—and this was the good part—that he and Baghdad *always* had held these positions. If it was not such a horrible story, this announcement would have occasioned hilarity among researchers in the world of terrorism, who had known this fact for over a decade, but who had been more or less forbidden to announce it.

In reality, Iraq's track record in sponsoring terrorism and terrorist groups was always impressive, and perhaps the best known such group, headed by the semimythical "Abu Nidal," has from its foundation been little more than an arm of the Iraqi intelligence services and *mukhabarat*, operating out of that nation's embassies. When "Abu Nidal" gunmen were picked up by police, they could easily be connected with the local diplomatic mission. In 1982, Iraq claimed to break its ties with the group, in order to qualify for American aid, but no grownup observer ever believed that this notional severance meant anything. Through the Gulf War, whenever Saddam wished to put the arm on a Gulf state failing to pay contributions to the Iraqi war effort, the Abu Nidal group would predictably leap into action, and target that small nation's airliners and diplomats until they were brought into line. For years, the only effective opposition to these thugs came from the much-maligned Palestine Liberation Organization, who tried forcibly to root out the Abu Nidal network whose crimes so tarnished the Palestinian cause. In return, the Iraqis exacted a terrible toll on the Palestinian leadership.

For a decade of scandalous silence, the West—and specifically the United States—did nothing to draw attention to the true origins of "Abu Nidal" atrocities because this would interfere with the crucial military and intelligence aid that Iraq needed to survive its war with Iran. If Saddam went down, the dominant power in the region would be the Iranians, who—heaven knows—might be crazy enough to *invade Kuwait*. As the presidential boast went, Saddam was "our son of a bitch," and he could not be seen to be involved with terrorism. No intelligence agency therefore pointed out the solid-to-overwhelming evidence that connected the Iraqis to countless horrors like the Istanbul synagogue attack and a string of anti-Jewish massacres and attempted massacres around the world. Interestingly for recent events, the Iraqis also appear to have been the major sponsors of the Abu Ibrahim network, which from about 1982 onward perfected the bomb-planting tactics which brought down several *civilian* airliners. Hmm.

The policy of official neglect was understandable, if craven, but the real mystery comes in the attitude of the American "news" media, which virtually never challenged the story they were hearing from the administration and the collective spooks. One of the honorable exceptions was Judith Miller herself, who discussed Iraqi complicity in terrorism in the mid-1980's in a number of stories with ramifications that were never explored by her peers. In retrospect, it is sickening to read the various accounts of the "terror network" promulgated throughout the decade, in which Iraq appears only as a victim of that great bogey International Terrorism, and Saddam is portrayed as a target of Islamic extremism, quite as much so as the people of New York, London, or Paris. After all, had he not broken his ties with the Abu Nidal group? Well, he said he did, and that's good enough for us.

Throughout the 1980's, the media served as what Orwell aptly characterized as doubleplusgood duckspeakers, performing an outstanding job in uncritically quacking forth the opinions fed them by officialdom. In so doing, they never acknowledged (or God forbid, even noticed) that the material they were recycling represented a strongly ideological and self-interested position. The vast bulk of evidence emerging from official and intelligence sources, Western or Israeli, had as a prime goal the denunciation of Syria, Iran, and Libya, while Iraqi activities were essentially ignored. Official, media, and fictional accounts combined to create a self-sustaining myth, of three and only three members of the "terror cartel." Essentially, the neglect of Iraq must in part be attributed to the laziness of the media in failing to check official assertions. Conversely, when Iraq became a prime enemy after the Kuwait invasion, the abundant evidence of Iraqi terrorism was made available to such an extent that his Ba'athists now appeared virtually the only significant lords of terror. In constructing Saddam as a major enemy in the months leading up to war, it became as necessary to *magnify* his past activities as systematically as they had been played down in previous years. There even began a process of retroactive demonization, attributing to Iraq guilt for earlier incidents which had hitherto been associated with other nations or culprits.

The stigma associated with a terrorist state cannot therefore be explained either in terms of the nature and extent of its illegal activities or the degree to which its crimes are known to law enforcement agencies and the media. In large part, it reflects the diplomatic position of that nation, and its usefulness or danger to other countries with powerful diplomatic establishments and media. In the context of Western perceptions, this inevitably means that the changing attitudes of particular American administrations will decide which states will be demonized. The definition of terrorism is a highly political phenomenon, a subjective, complex, and often self-contradictory process, and common perceptions to the contrary, the stigma is applied in a thoroughly selective and partial way. If we really had an adversarial press, the public would know this.

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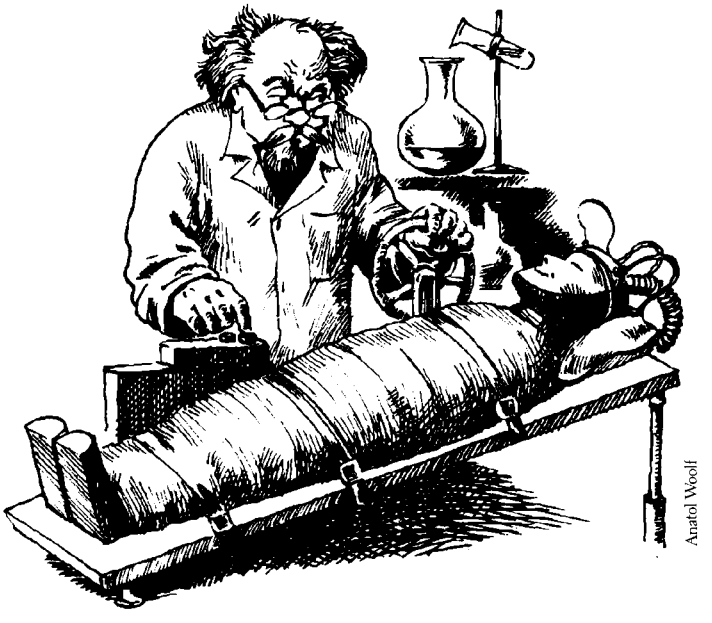
A Good Communitarian Is Hard to Find

by George W. Carey

"Never say No when the world says Aye."
—E.B. Browning



The New Communitarians and the Crisis of Modern Liberalism
by Bruce Frohnen
Lawrence: University Press of Kansas; 271 pp., $29.95

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This thoughtful and provocative analysis of the new communitarianism can profitably be viewed as a case study in how liberalism, not unlike scheming alien forces in sci-fi movies, assumes new and attractive forms to beguile the unwary. Put otherwise, the liberalism of the New Deal or of the Great Society was simple and straightforward with regard to both its purposes and methods: a meat-and-potatoes liberalism unconcerned with "authenticity," "cultural awareness," "multilogues," or any of the various adornments of new communitarian thought that mask its agenda.

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Frohnen's unmasking is important, and long overdue. A traditional, more sensible understanding of community, one that takes its bearings from Tocqueville, has long been central to conservatism. As a consequence, certain of the newer communitarians, by simply calling themselves communitarians, have found a receptive audience in certain conservative circles. (Amitai Etzioni, for instance, has found his way into *National Review* and *The Economist*.) Even the rhetoric of acknowledged conservative leaders is unmistakably inspired by the writings of Mary Ann Gordon, William Galston, and Robert Bellah. But, as Frohnen's analysis makes abundantly clear, the substance and approach of new communitarian thought contrasts sharply with the traditional conservative communitarianism expounded by such stalwarts as Robert Nisbet and Russell Kirk.

What are these differences? The most obvious is that the new communitarians are no friends of decentralized authority or relatively autonomous local communities. On the contrary, their goals require the centralization of authority. As Frohnen points out, for instance, the local communities may well "fail to teach us universal benevolence." Worse still, they may lead us "to focus attention and affection on those closest to us," possibly even undermining a belief in "the essential equality of all human beings," the most fundamental tenet of the new communitarian creed. Hence the need for an independent, central authority to curb such tendencies.

Frohnen points to even more profound differences. The new communitarians, unwilling to recognize any universal standards of right and wrong, must operate in the context of core values consistent with this relativism, namely, equality and toleration. Indeed, taken together these values provide the "golden rule" of new communitarianism: we must tolerate others, as they must tolerate us, since we both have equally valid grounds for our beliefs or ways of life. Their primary end is a nebulous kind of self-fulfillment. As Frohnen shows, Charles Taylor regards "Individual autonomy—following one's authentic or spontaneously generated desires and

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goals" as the "good for which all other putative goods must serve as mere tools." Although Charles Taylor believes this fulfillment involves "something" that "has significance independent of our desires," like other communitarians his relativism compels him to "reject any formulation of" that "something" or of "the goals of life that transcend development of our individual talents and capacities." In his scheme, then, transcendent loyalties "to one's family, class, or God" are, as Frohnen argues, valued only "when and to the extent that they help individuals flourish."

The equality and toleration of the new communitarians, however, have their limits. Here their "golden rule" comes into play. As Frohnen writes: "Communitarians wish us to believe without question that all individuals are equal, save those bad ones who presume to judge the personal conduct of others or who oppose pursuit of social justice through government redistribution of wealth." In other words, the new communitarians realize full well that the "healthy liberal democratic community" they envision requires "the right kinds of citizens possessing" the appropriate virtues such as a heartfelt commitment to equality and toleration. Thus, one of the critical problems they confront is how to secure and maintain the "right kind" of citizenry.

New communitarians deal with this problem in various ways. Because they regard human nature as malleable, they place great faith in institutions to produce individuals with an appropriate morality. Frohnen stresses the role of education and of the "intellectual classes who control the school curriculum" in this process. In his view, these classes "constitut[e] a vanguard" charged not only with shaping character, but with reshaping social institutions to facilitate "progress toward utopia or a more self-fulfilling life." There are also what he calls the "facilitators" and "interpreters"—the elites in the academy, the media, the bureaucracy, and the judiciary—who shape the world about us to ease the path to individual fulfillment. On Frohnen's showing, their mission involves reinterpreting "not merely our laws but also our customs and even our forms of spirituality."

The new communitarians, however, see a "civil religion" with appropriate beliefs, practices, and values as crucial for securing citizens of the "right kind." They understand, as Frohnen puts it, that civil religion is not only the glue that "holds the political society together," it also renders "our fundamental political ideals" sacred. Thus they are concerned that the civil religion—or "functional traditionalism" as William Galston appropriately calls it—embody the teachings and values conducive to their goals. But this, as Frohnen illustrates, poses problems. Our tradition does not readily yield what the communitarians would like by way of a civil religion, and "revising" the tradition to secure the desired results—the route Bellah takes—is vulnerable to attack and refutation. Garry Wills' approach to civil religion, as Frohnen emphasizes, ingeniously overcomes the obstacles posed by history. As Wills would have it, a civil religion embracing new communitarian values need not rely on historical fact or practice, but on "the myths constructed by the skilled rhetorician." Such is the case, he holds, with Lincoln's powerful rhetoric at Gettysburg that "shaped the mind of the people and so made it *the* authority on the American spirit and our proper commitment to equality."

If education, civil religion, facilitators, and interpreters fail to produce citizens of the "right kind," communitarians have other means in their arsenals. As Frohnen notes, "Etzioni endorses a plethora of mandatory workshops," programs that expose students "to the ideology of multiculturalism," "sensitivity training" requirements for all students, and "arbitration seminars" in which those guilty of making "insensitive remarks" are informed by "students, faculty, and administrators that their views are offensive, harmful, and un-American." (These, not surprisingly, are the preferred techniques in the academy where liberalism still reigns supreme.)

Frohnen is convinced that we once possessed a genuine tradition that rested "ultimately on religious belief and practice." Americans, he contends, from the colonial period throughout the early decades of the republic, "felt they owed duties to God, country, and particular groups." But, he observes, by the 1930's only vestiges of this early tradition remained; initially weakened by the secularism of the do-good Social Gospelers, it was almost totally washed away with the emergence of a virtually omnipotent central government. The private and voluntary associations that once provided individuals with order and meaning were decimated as well, leaving us with a "massive social breakdown and the crumbling of our way of life in the face of illegitimacy, crime, and a general loss of moral bearings." But, Frohnen asserts, to follow the path marked out by the new communitarians will only compound these problems. Their relativism and secularism blind them to religion and its transcendent Truths that form the foundations for a genuine community.

While recognizing the difficulties involved, Frohnen suggests that we "look to our past," to the older tradition that we have abandoned, as a way out of our present plight. His analysis of our decline, and his suggested path to restoration, point to questions that we should ponder. Does it make sense any more to speak, as the new communitarians are wont to do, of a "national community"? Shouldn't our aim be the restoration, wherever possible, of smaller communities or little "platoons," whose dimensions do not dwarf the individual? And isn't a prerequisite for such restorations political decentralization of a nature and scope well beyond what our politicians even dare to contemplate?

In short, the chances for restoration along the lines suggested by Frohnen are, at best, exceedingly slim. To make matters worse, the odds are that the new communitarians will continue to thrive by advancing those doctrines that have contributed substantially to the degeneration of our moral and social fiber—a sorry state of affairs, to be sure, but also a tribute to the powers and ingenuity of the liberal intelligentsia. ◁

LIBERAL ARTS

Turning Tides: Modern Dutch & Flemish Verse in English Versions by Irish Poets.

Edited by Peter van de Kamp
(Story Line Press, 1994).

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And What Isn't . . .

by Paul Gottfried

What's Right: The New Conservative Majority and the Remaking of America
by David Frum
New York: Basic Books;
208 pp., $23.00

◆

In this collection of his occasional papers, David Frum once again demonstrates his worthiness to the harmless persuasion. Having agonized over his uneven prose, I finally concluded that Frum's intellectual weaknesses are his practical strengths. His writing never offends anyone in the political mainstream, or upon whom his career as a publicist may depend. It is entirely consistent with his comments delivered to Tim Russert during an interview on CNN on July 13, when Frum urged Republicans to conduct an "exciting" campaign with "exciting" personalities like Cheney, Gramm, and Kemp. But he also warned Dole, with the smiling approval of his interviewer, to keep the "extremist" Pat Buchanan from capturing attention at the Republican convention. Frum's notion of "exciting" would translate as "don't make waves!" or "let the political class have its way!" There is nothing he says about contemporary politics, nor about anyone whose spear he seems to be carrying, capable of generating excitement. That is precisely what commends him to the liberal-neoconservative nomenclatura.

As in his earlier publication *Dead Right*, Frum in this book makes occasional libertarian noises. He wishes to cut taxes, deregulate some things, eliminate Aid to Dependent Children, and create a better climate for business investment. In a flight of hyperbole, he refers to the Kemp-Roth cut in marginal tax rates as the "most important single piece of conservative domestic legislation of the 1970's." Since that legislation resulted neither in stopping federal overreach nor in reversing the growth of taxes, it is hard to see it as a conservative landmark. Frum also exaggerates the effects of the "tax cuts" introduced during the Reagan administration. By focusing on (and exaggerating) the slight reduction in middle-class income tax rates, he ignores the hike in payroll deductions that took place at the same time, as happened with Social Security.

Most of the silliness in this collection of essays seems packed into the section on Pat Buchanan, which appears to be recycled from *Dead Right* and from Frum's earlier polemic against Buchanan published in the *American Spectator*. This litany of denunciation is followed, in the manner of the format of *Dead Right*, by a saccharine tribute to the heroic Jack Kemp. Though Kemp could not cut the mustard as a presidential candidate, Frum is still impressed by this "captain with the mighty heart." He stresses the fight "that exemplified all that is best in him," meaning Kemp's and Bill Bennett's fight against Proposition 187. Though a libertarian, Frum has no scruples about fighting to preserve social services for those illegally in the United States. Like Bennett and Kemp, he apparently considers those services to be a "human right." He also lists as an achievement of Kemp's "important conservative legislation" a "50 percent increase in personal income tax collection" by 1981. If that was indeed the case, Kemp-Roth was a disguised godsend for the managerial state.

Frum does note the ineffectiveness of Kemp and Reagan in changing the courses of American government. While repeatedly praising both men, he also indicates that neither had any lasting impact on the American welfare state. Frum perceives no contradiction in what he takes to be the twin missions of American conservatism, "smaller government and global leadership." Unfortunately, there is no way that one can have both, as the history of most empires reveals. And the American case, as voluminously demonstrated by Robert Higgs, confirms this generalization: every major foreign entanglement has had a ratcheting effect on the expansion of the state at home. This causal relation is quite clear to me, though, unlike Frum, I do not describe myself as a libertarian.

It seems equally clear that Frum hypocritically accuses Buchanan (and "his friend and fellow-columnist whose ideas Buchanan has increasingly echoed," Sam Francis) of turning conservatism away from its roots and towards greater statism. Both Reaganism and its Kempian variation, however, accomplished this long before Buchanan came on the presidential scene. Buchanan may be at least intermittently a "big-government conservative," but he is not the first to fit that description: the 1980's were full of them, and *Commentary*, to which Frum contributes, keeps that tradition alive and well. Indeed, Frum himself amply subscribes to it, given his views on civil rights, foreign policy, and social services to illegal aliens. Not surprisingly (to use one of his favorite expressions), his commentary on Buchanan and the paleoconservatives is the most factually distorted part of his anthology. Buchanan mentioned Goldman Sachs in his indictment of the Mexican bailout not because of his "habit of using Jewish names to personify things he dislikes," but because it was the investment firm that Clinton's Treasury Secretary had long represented and which stood to profit heavily from the bailout. Frum also accuses Buchanan of taking on a false litmus test "borrowed from Gottfried, Rothbard, and *Chronicles* to distinguish good, true conservatives from bad neoconservatives." In fact, he never states

LIBERAL ARTS

VICTIMS, UNITE!

The Casper (Wyoming) *Star-Tribune* reported on October 17 that the city council of Albuquerque, New Mexico, was preparing to vote on a new "hate crimes" bill that would treat crimes motivated by "hate" as more serious than identical crimes which have a different motive. Introduced by City Councilor Sam Bregman, the bill has drawn protests from the Christian Coalition of New Mexico. Bregman insists that "We are not setting up a protected class; we are punishing people for improper conduct. . . . Everybody can be a victim under this bill."

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the nature of the litmus test, though he does try to refute it by citing Richard Nixon and Jack Kemp as conservatives who would have failed it. It is questionable whether Nixon as President or Kemp at any time was a conservative, even by the definition applied elsewhere by Frum, which is that of a Taft Republican who believes in small government and fiscal restraint.

Frum descends entirely into gibberish when he tries to yank neoconservative chestnuts out of the fire. He tells us, for example, that it was not the neocons but Ed Feulner, someone "who never in his life had a good word to say about the Great Society," who was "much more instrumental than Kristol in kiboshing [M.E. Bradford's] appointment [as NEH director]," Feulner having been forced to take this action by Bradford's tendency to "liken Abraham Lincoln to Hitler."

Reagan, Frum explains, had withdrawn his support from Bradford because he did not "wish to wreck his political honeymoon in order to refight the Civil War." We may wonder (or should we?) why Frum does not level the same charge against Bennett and Kemp, who have lectured white Southerners on the need to atone for their history of slavery. And what about Reagan's own attempt to "refight the Civil War" by issuing an executive order to cease decorating Confederate monuments in and around the District? Describing Feulner and the Heritage Foundation as being without neocon ties, moreover, is an exercise in deception. In 1981, when Feulner went to Reagan in order to defame Bradford, well over half of his annual operating budget came from neoconservative sources.

Such desperate attempts to uphold neocon revisionist history show Frum at his worst. But he does have a better side, which can be seen in several of his shorter pieces. His remarks about Harry Truman as a vicious politician and his withering assessment of the religious right suggest the presence of a critical intelligence. Frum's essay "The Legacy of Russell Kirk" is the finest piece I have ever read on the subject, though, like everything else in his anthology, it should have been written with more care. A better edited and vastly expanded draft of this critical tribute should have been placed at the end of the volume, instead of Frum's boilerplate remarks on the Passover Seder. But here the editorial call might not have been Frum's: his patrons might have mistaken for high theology his quite conventional gloss on the Passover Haggadah.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.

Free at Last

by Gregory McNamee

The Run of His Life: The People v. O.J. Simpson
by Jeffrey Toobin
New York: Random House; 470 pp., $25.00

◆

The criminal trial of the former football great O.J. Simpson on the charge of murder, a trial that overshadows the Gulf War as the media event of the 1990's, has been over for more than a year. The civil trial against him, charging that he violated the civil rights of Nicole Brown Simpson and Ron Goldman by murdering them, has begun with considerably less fanfare: an abatement in the media bombardment for which we should all be grateful.

The criminal trial, Jeffrey Toobin observes in his ably written book, involved "92 days of testimony, 58 witnesses, 488 exhibits, and 34,500 pages of transcripts." Toobin was on hand for every numbing moment, and he reports his findings in his dense yet thoroughly readable account, which may be the only one of the many books to have come from the trial that does not seek to make its author a hero.

Toobin does not tantalize. He announces early on a conclusion that many observers reached before the criminal proceedings began: O.J. Simpson, football star and minor celebrity, is guilty of having committed double homicide on the night of June 12, 1994. The jury did not agree with Toobin's conclusion: it let Simpson walk, shrugging off a body of evidence that, in the author's view, establishes Simpson's guilt beyond reasonable doubt.

Most black Americans, according to polls conducted at the time, agreed with the jury; most white Americans did not. That ethnic division, Toobin argues, was a natural outcome of the conduct of the trial during which Simpson's defense team made race—not the guilt or innocence of a single man—the issue of contest. Politically hijacked from the outset, the trial took on a *Rashomon*-like quality in which differing accounts of what had happened on that June night mattered less than did differing perceptions of the kind of man O.J. Simpson is.

Toobin has his own answer, citing "the banality, self-pity, and narcissism that are the touchstones of [Simpson's] character." Yet, a former trial attorney himself, he expresses a sort of indignant admiration for the defense strategy, a masterpiece of indirection that its author, attorney Robert Shapiro, later tried to disavow. The race card, Toobin writes, was shameless; and shamelessly unbelievable, inasmuch as Simpson had taken great pains throughout his adult life to distance himself from the black community. Small wonder that at the time of the trial Jesse Jackson called him a "deethnicized Negro." As Toobin points out, when Simpson penned a supposed suicide note before embarking on his infamous, heavily televised freeway flight, he named among his 15 best friends only one black man, the fellow football player A.J. Cowlings; the rest were wealthy, middle-aged white men. But, as Simpson himself once said, "I'm not black. I'm O.J."

Regardless, the mainstream press, fearful of exacerbating ethnic tensions in the wake of the Rodney King verdict, never questioned the strategy of making O.J. an African-American hero—a misdirection that then allowed the defense to put forward grand, unsubstantiated claims that Simpson was on the dock as a result of a racist conspiracy engineered by the Los Angeles Police Department. The misdirection was successful, Toobin writes, because it was played out before a sympathetic jury composed of black men and women whom pretrial polling suggested were likely to support Simpson's claim of innocence. That jury, the polling also revealed, was disposed to dislike the lead prosecuting attorney, Marcia Clark; a severe woman who, Toobin writes, tended to see cases as clear-cut instances of good against evil. Yet, Toobin reports, "the Simpson case blurred the lines between the good guys and the bad in a way that Clark had never encountered."

Her conviction that she served the forces of good caused Clark to make hubristic mistakes, Toobin argues.

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Among the more famous of these was to embrace uncritically the testimony of Mark Fuhrman, the police detective who turned up evidence at the scene of the murder and at Simpson's house, and who incidentally happened to be a self-admitted sociopath with a long record of racist actions. Another was Clark's allowing the case to come to trial at warp speed, which played to the defense's advantage by cutting the time the prosecution had to gather evidence. Still another was Clark's locking her case to a time line that allowed no small variations, no margin for error, and that ultimately allowed the defense to cast doubt on her assertions.

Toobin shows that what Marcia Clark did not successfully do throughout the trial was to convey a sense of the preponderance of evidence of Simpson's guilt. He notes that the blood drops found on Nicole Simpson's stone pathway matched Simpson's type, which is shared by only seven percent of the American population. The blood on the infamous glove found behind Kato Kaelin's apartment, too, was a mix of Simpson's with that of his two victims. Those gloves, later the subject of an exquisitely stupid moment at the trial, were rare; Nicole had bought them, one of only a few hundred pairs made, for Simpson at a shop in New York City. Hair from the victims was found on the clothes Simpson had worn; so were fibers from their clothing. Prints from his shoes were discovered at the site of the murders. His Bronco was seen leaving the site of the crime at the estimated time of the murders. He had no alibi. He had a fresh cut, blood on his clothing, blood on his automobile. Although the initial prosecuting attorney, William Hodgman, wanted to amass further evidence to make the case airtight, his associates urged that Simpson be arrested immediately. Simpson failed a lie-detector test with a score of -24. Any score lower than -6 indicates that a suspect is lying. (F. Lee Bailey later explained this away unchallenged, maintaining that Simpson was emotionally distressed at the time of the test.)

But in this case, race—not evidence—was what mattered. Important, too, was celebrity, and in this case the celebrity of O.J. Simpson and his lawyers—Gerry Spence, Alan Dershowitz, F. Lee Bailey, Robert Shapiro, and Johnnie Cochran (in Toobin's eyes the best of the lot)—who were in the main more famous for being famous than they were for being great attorneys. None of those lawyers bought their own lines. All exhibited what one distinguished jurist calls "the indifference to truth that advocacy entails."

Toobin offers substantial testimony to these lawyers' cynicism: the defense's readiness to plea-bargain for lesser charges the moment the evidence threatened to turn the jury against Simpson; Robert Shapiro's wife Linell's cheerfully announcing at cocktail parties, "Guilty, guilty, guilty"; Alan Dershowitz's equally cheerful admission, "Almost all of my clients have been guilty"; and Johnnie Cochran's building throughout the trial "a Potemkin village of assertions." Cochran's masterful construction of an alternate reality, Toobin says, is what truly won the day for Simpson. "There was nothing beneath the rhetoric. No matter; the evidence mattered less than what Cochran said it would be. He had planted the seeds: the LAPD was corrupt; O.J. was virtuous; Nicole deserved what she got."

An implausible defense matched with a jury predisposed to acquit (three-quarters of those jurors, Toobin reports, believed Simpson to be innocent because he was a football player, and football players don't murder people), an incompetent prosecution, an even more incompetent judge whom the defense beat like a stolen mule: these things, Toobin writes in this sadly damning book, conspired to set O.J. Simpson free.

Gregory McNamee's latest book is the Sierra Club Desert Reader.

The Washington Touch

by Sol Schindler

Origins of a Catastrophe
by Warren Zimmermann
New York: Times Books;
257 pp., $25.00

◆

Warren Zimmermann was the last American Ambassador to Yugoslavia (from 1989 to 1992), and his memoir is of historical interest, but not for reasons the author intended. When Warren Zimmermann arrived in Belgrade in 1989, Yugoslavia was still a federation of six republics with a federal cabinet and government. Because of the changes brought about by the new constitution of 1974, the centers of power had shifted from the federal to the republican administrations. Thus the new ambassador presented his credentials not only to the federal president, but called upon the presidents of all the republics, the sole exception being Serbia. It took nearly a year—halfway through a normal diplomatic tour—before he could get an appointment to meet Slobodan Milosevic, the Serbian president.

This extraordinary delay could only be construed as a calculated insult. But why would the Serbian president want to antagonize the ambassador of the most powerful country on earth, a country that had through the years extended economic aid and worked continuously to maintain good relations with Yugoslavia? It is clear from his account that well before his arrival in Yugoslavia, Ambassador Zimmermann was deeply concerned about the human rights situation in Kosovo, where ethnic Albanians were in the majority and felt abused by the ruling Serbian government. After his arrival he expressed his concerns about the Albanians to a number of highly placed Yugoslavs who, of course, reported them to Milosevic. He in turn would certainly have resented what he considered American meddling in internal Yugoslav affairs. When the ambassador was invited to the commemoration of the 600th anniversary of the Battle of Kosovo, the battle in which medieval Serbia lost its independence and which had been a national day of mourning since, he had not yet been allowed to call on Milosevic. He therefore declined the invitation. He "made no effort to influence" the decisions of others, but actions speak louder than words, and, as a result, all the European ambassadors also declined. This rather puerile game of tit for tat, snub for snub, benefited no one. It was not the way a diplomat would like to begin a tour abroad.

Zimmermann tries to discredit the notion that ancient ethnic hatreds caused the civil war, arguing that Yugoslavia was formed originally as a voluntary association of south Slavs, with certain religious and linguistic differences that caused no particular strife. He is, of course, correct. He fails to mention, however, the massacres of Serbs and Croats and Muslims during World War

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II. The hatreds they aroused, though not ancient, were easily rekindled.

He identifies the decentralizing constitution of 1974 as a contributing factor in the country's dissolution; it made the federal government virtually impotent and unable to govern. Unfortunately, he reflects on the point almost as an aside, as if to show he has read and agrees with Susan Woodward's *Balkan Tragedy*. What he does state categorically, however, is that "the prime agent of Yugoslavia's destruction was Slobodan Milosevic" with assistance from Franjo Tudjman. History is filled with imperfect players, and to put the blame for Yugoslavia's demise on two individuals, though as a device it might work in a Shakespearean play, is naive. And while the collapse of a country can be laid to the faults of its inhabitants, we read (one would hope) the ambassador's book not to marvel at the failings of the south Slavs but to learn something about American foreign policy: how the United States behaves under certain circumstances, and how it should behave.

Our policy in those days assumed that, for the benefit of its inhabitants, and for the peace and security of Europe, Yugoslavia should remain one country. Most Yugoslavs agreed. The author, for one, was convinced that unity and democracy had to go together, but he feared that unity meant coercive Serbian hegemony, with a loss of democracy in other republics. Encouraging democracy in Slovenia and Croatia, he felt, would mean the breakup of the country, and possible war. Our policy, then, became one of hoping for the best while watching from the sidelines. Most disturbing was America's lack of vision during these critical years: our inability to see beyond the present, and our passivity in the face of dangerous developments.

One could say that, given the rising tensions within Yugoslavia, dissolution was inevitable. One could also say that, given the economic limitations of such small entities as the six republics, which are bound to provoke popular discontent, some sort of union is inevitable. As Zimmermann predicted, civil war followed the declarations of independence.

With the commencement of hostilities the ambassador's position was completely reversed. When the Yugoslav National Army began shelling Croatian cities, he called for armed intervention. This was in sharp contrast to his belief while still in Washington that with the ending of the Cold War Yugoslavia's importance had diminished, that the United States would not fight to preserve Yugoslav unity. He was also, of course, among the first to call for armed intervention in Bosnia.

These paradoxes of policy (the unity of Yugoslavia is not worth fighting for, the unity of Croatia is; it is legitimate for Bosnia to secede from Yugoslavia, but not for Serbian areas to secede from Bosnia) go unexplained, even unnoticed, and in the book much goes unexplained. Actions proceed from unarticulated assumptions. There is an underlying naiveté about the account that is highly unsettling.

The demise of Yugoslavia was a low point in international diplomacy, both European and American. It is difficult, and possibly unfair, to say that we could have done better; but it is even more difficult to say we could have done worse.

Sol Schindler is a retired Foreign Service Officer who writes and lectures on international relations.

To the Lighthouse

by Loxley F. Nichols

The Fennel Family Papers
by William Baldwin
Chapel Hill: Algonquin Books;
284 pp., $19.95

◆

When Camilla, the elderly spinster daughter of the infamous Captain Jack Fennel and matriarch of the Fennel family, sees her house guest holding an antique spyglass, she comments, "My father's glass, Dr. Danvers. Are you planning a voyage?" Actually, the voyage is already underway for the young history professor who shows symptoms of seasickness the moment he steps into the Fennel house. In this house that is literally a land ship, constructed "every post and lintel" from the debris of shipwrecks off Dog Tooth Shoal, everything is awry from the wavy floors and unplumbed joints to the ideas and actions of the eccentric Fennels. Upon discovering that Ginny Fennel, a student in his class, is a descendant of the illustrious Fennels, Paul Danvers sets out to gain tenure by using the girl to get to and publish the private family papers. However, when he actually arrives in Port Ulacca, South Carolina, to examine the logbooks of this family of lighthouse keepers, his travels take him on a journey through time and experience that is quite different from what he had anticipated.

Like *The Hard to Catch Mercy*, Mr. Baldwin's previous novel which won the William Smith Award in 1993, *The Fennel Family Papers* is an initiation story. Although Paul Danvers has been awarded his doctorate and is teaching history at the state university, he is illiterate, immature, and insubstantial—a mere ghost of a man. Ignorant, inexperienced, and inept, Paul Danvers embodies the worst of what we think about college professors. A textbook example of "those who can't," it is only Paul's utter dissociation from everything and everyone, and his acute awareness of his deficiencies, that render him salvageable.

At the onset of his week with the Fennels, Paul is impervious to beauty and ignorant of violence. He does not recognize, nor does he know how to respond to, Camilla's recitation of Wordsworth, and he cannot fathom Ginny's mother's love for her flower garden. As unsteady as he is inside this house, Paul feels more comfortable indoors than out, and he is no less than horrified when asked to help with the slaughter of a chicken for supper:

> The idea that they would eat an animal that was at that very moment alive and running in the back yard made him uneasy.
>
> 'You thought chickens came from meat counters, didn't you?'
>
> Paul shook his head no, but she was right—he did.

Terrorized by the witchcraft of Da Bena, the family cook, and brutalized at the hands of Leroy Ramona, Ginny's homicidal uncle, Paul suffers damage to both his physical and sartorial person—the tweed jacket with chamois elbow patches, the flannel trousers, the pipe are destroyed or discarded one by one, as his hands, feet, and eyes sustain various breaks and lacerations. Acute physical and emotional suffering, however, is for Paul ultimately benevolent and even necessary. For what he loses is irrelevant or false, and what he gains is courage, insight, and wisdom. Goaded past irritation he discovers for the first time true anger and laughter; stripped of affecta-

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tion, he becomes authentic. By the end of his stay, Paul Danvers has learned what it means to become "de man of the family" and to "do the right thing" (rather than the expedient thing).

In Baldwin's fiction, becoming human means learning how to love—becoming a man means being willing to kill, when it means defending or protecting oneself, or what one loves. This same sort of trial or test is the text of *The Hard to Catch Mercy* as well, but in both books it is not so much the act of killing that makes the difference as the protagonists' willingness to face his fear. The Fennel papers and tenure, per se, become superfluous once Paul learns that for the first time in his life he has something of value to impart to his students: "And he didn't need tenure or an article to do it. He could tell them—he could address them in an open and honest manner. He could tell them—he could tell them that despite what they would learn about the world in his class—and despite the armies of despair arranged against them—they must take responsibility for themselves and for the people around them. And above all else they must not be afraid."

Mr. Baldwin is a versatile writer, if his first two novels are any indication. *The Hard to Catch Mercy* is an old-fashioned country saga that spans years, a sort of *Cold Sassy Tree*, but better; while *The Fennel Family Papers*, which takes place within a matter of days, is a compressed morality tale of contemporary life. In both the narrative technique is excellent.

Less polished is Mr. Baldwin's prose style. In *The Fennel Family Papers* instances of knotty syntax sometimes occasion awkward references to "the man," and one winces in reading that an individual "enthused" (even if this particular character is effusive). Also Mr. Baldwin sometimes overextends himself in the intricacies of his ambitious plots. When past and present vie for equal time, clarity (and the reader's comprehension) are sometimes sacrificed. In *The Hard to Catch Mercy*, Big Sister's identity and role and Maum Anna's history remain a puzzlement. In *The Fennel Family Papers*, which includes an epigraph from Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* indicating many other signs of indebtedness to this novel, we may conclude that Mr. Baldwin intends a kind of dreamy cohesion of past and present, but his technique is not entirely successful in this regard. The narrative can become irritatingly fuzzy, as in the case of Da Bena's role in Adam's fall and Jack Fennel's part in his sister's death. But Mr. Baldwin's occasional missteps and obscurities are easily offset by his facility with characterization. The zany Fennel household is populated with colorful characters such as the desiccated Camilla (surely an incarnation of Miss Emily Grierson), the ebullient Azalea, and the sociopathic Leroy. Baldwin displays an impeccable ear in rendering the Gullah dialect of coastal South Carolina, and his depiction of blacks who are not simply hired help but part of the family—blood kin, in the Fennel case—is expert.

Further pleasure is afforded by the depth and richness of Baldwin's themes. *The Fennel Family Papers* is a comic satire on college life, Southern aristocracy, and the modern ethos of paranoia. He uses the absurd not to validate absurdity, fear, and despair, but to point the way toward meaning, courage, and hope. Baldwin explores the elasticity of language and variability of perception by offering multiple interpretations, or versions, of such concepts as "doctor," "history," "truth." Thus Da Bena is not merely some voodoo crone who menaces Paul Danvers and the periphery of the plot, but—like Martin Rupple, the family physician, and Paul Danvers, the doctor of philosophy—she too is a veritable "doctor" (a witch doctor) who works to bring him to an emotional and moral healing that could be wrought only by active suffering and displacement. While the entire clan at Port Ulacca work (conspiratorially and malevolently, it seems to Paul) to "educate" the young professor, it is Da Bena who receives most of the "blame"—and eventually the credit—for his coming of age. With her long tentacle arms, chocolate eyes, and piano-key teeth, Da Bena, like the house itself, seems a gift from the sea, as she and *The Fennel Family Papers* are indeed a gift to all readers of good fiction.

Loxley F. Nichols is an adjunct professor of literature at Loyola College in Baltimore.

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by Samuel Francis

The Ruling Class

One of the ironies of American political discussion in the last generation or so—indeed, of the last century—has been that, for all our boasting and braggadocio about being a nation founded on the proposition that all men are created equal, it is almost impossible to find any significant American social thinker who really believes it. Power elites, managerial elites, cultural elites, media elites, cognitive elites, the "mandarins," the "new class," the "rich and the super-rich," the "overclass," and probably half a dozen other, similar minotaurs have crept through the labyrinthine political sociology of the last 50 years, and eventually each one has escaped its academic cavern and roamed at large through the meadows and hamlets of American journalism. The entire history of social and political thought in the United States since at least the time of Charles Beard's dubious claim that the Constitution was the product of a cabal of self-interested property owners has been one long retreat from the Jeffersonian egalitarianism that supposedly rested at the center of our founding national mythology.

The constitutional prohibition of the granting of titles of nobility is strong evidence that the Framers and most of their contemporaries did not want anything like the ruling aristocracies of Europe to emerge in this country and that they believed such powdered and privileged orders were as unnecessary as they were undesirable. But if any of the 20th century theories of elites and social and political stratification has merit, the Framers, at least for once, were wrong. Regardless of the names they take and the wigs they wear, aristocracies—minorities that control the political, economic, and cultural life of the societies in which they live—are inherent in the nature of human society, and the oratorical piffle about all men having been created equal does not alter this ineluctable fact.

The inevitability of elites and of the inequality of human beings and human society was a fact conveniently forgotten by some of our Framers' contemporaries and successors, here and in Europe, until in the late 19th century various Italian social theorists, mainly Vilfredo Pareto and Gaetano Mosca, rediscovered what was then dubbed the "Iron Law of Oligarchy" and explained and explored its implications. Whatever illusions the eggheads of the Enlightenment convinced themselves of, anyone who has ever actually run any kind of human organization, from a bridge club to a multinational empire, knows the law is true. Human beings do not get organized spontaneously, and things do not happen unless someone decides to make them happen. In the case of the bridge club, someone has to decide who will be members and who won't, when and where it will meet, who will provide refreshments, and all the other little things that most of those who eventually show up never suspect have to be done. Most human beings have neither the time, the interest, the opportunity, or the ability to think about these matters, take them in hand, and actually do them, and if, as Pareto remarked, "history is a graveyard of aristocracies," then human social life is an endless record of bridge clubs that never played a single trump because no one ever bothered to decide on a time and place to meet.

Pareto and Mosca crafted what today is known as the "classical theory of elites" largely in response to the egalitarianism of Karl Marx, which was itself an extension of Enlightenment egalitarianism gone mad. One implication of the classical theory of elites is that the "classless society" is no less a creature of mythology than the Minotaur himself, but another is that the ancient division of the forms of government into the three basic types of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy is also wrong. One man cannot rule any more than most men can rule, and behind even the most ostentatious Ozymandias or the noisiest rabble there lie the ranks of your friendly neighborhood oligarchy—priests, warriors, clerks, merchants, landed magnates, capitalists, bureaucrats, or secret police. In classical elite theory, there is really only one form of government, ever—oligarchy, the rule of the few—and the other forms are simply different costumes that different kinds of oligarchies don depending on their internal structures, interests, and circumstances. In the aborning democracies of the late 19th century, in Italy and elsewhere, as in their more mature descendants a hundred years later, this was a school of thought that was fairly easy to formulate and sustain, and the divers experiments in classless societies founded since Pareto and Mosca wrote have yielded results that are not exactly incompatible with their ideas.

Today, the ideas of Pareto and Mosca have entered the language even of such advanced social thinkers as Dan Quayle and Bob Dole, who instruct us in the iniquities of the "cultural elite" and the "Hollywood elite," and indeed everyone seems to have his own favorite elite as a perennial bugaboo. Hence the catalogue of elites mentioned earlier, and there is a vast academic literature on the subject of elites in American politics and society, social and political stratification, and the various kinds of elites that do or do not exist. One conventional academic distinction that still prevails is that while there certainly are different kinds of elites, there is not and cannot be any such animal as a "ruling class," at least in advanced industrialized, democratic societies.

The distinction between an elite and a ruling class is indeed an important one. An elite is simply a dominant minority within a particular field—business, politics, culture, religion, sports, etc.—while a ruling class is a unified dominant minority that prevails over many different or all fields. The "media elite," for example, may dominate the major newspapers, magazines, and broadcasting networks, but no one would claim that the same elite also controls large corporations, universities, the political parties, the federal bureaucracy, or other pastures of power where the high and the mighty happily disport themselves. Prior to the Industrial Revolution and the emergence of mass democracy in the 19th century, it is held, ruling classes did prevail, certainly in European and British societies, where landed and usually titled nobilities monopolized political office, the church, the army and navy, and such media as then existed. But in our own happy and progressive days of flush toilets and electronic voting booths, such monopolization is not possible. The

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most we can have are elites in different fields that are distinct from each other and are often in conflict with each other, and while that is not the kind of equality we would really like or the kind Marx and his Enlightenment forebears chattered about, it's close enough, at least as long as the elites are reasonably open to new members and are sufficiently competitive with each other that they do not collude against the nonelite parts of society.

This version of elite theory, known generally as "democratic elitism" or "pluralism," was closely associated with the political liberalism of the 1950's, was the dominant school of thought among American social scientists until the rise of New Left Marxism in the 1960's, and was particularly useful in explaining why, whenever the American rabble got out of control in movements like those centered around Senator Joseph McCarthy, elites rather than the people should be in charge. Its major proponents included the sociologists Talcott Parsons, Daniel Bell, and Suzanne Keller and political scientist Robert Dahl, and echoes of it are to be found in the writings of Reinhold Niebuhr, George F. Kennan, Walter Lippmann, and the early John Kenneth Galbraith, among others.

Whether the theory of "democratic elitism" was ever true, whether distinct, competing, and reasonably open elites ever actually performed in the neat Newtonian waltz they were supposed to be dancing, has never been very clear, but today, whether they once existed or not, there are clear signs that they don't any more, that those elites are beginning to come together to form what can only be described as a ruling class, of the kind 18th-century oligarchs would have envied.

One major problem with the theory of "democratic elitism" has always been that its proponents tend to assume that things really are the way they are supposed to be and that they seldom troubled to look beneath the surface of political and social competition to discover the underlying unity that supposedly competing elites display. Democratic elitists often cited conflicts between "business" and "government," for example, to show that each checked and balanced the other, never grasping (or at least never revealing) that the supposed conflict between them more often disguised close cooperation. Nor did they grasp that the "adversarial" thrust of the major media and cultural institutions was unilaterally directed against older, rival elites and their institutions rather than against the leadership of large corporations, labor unions, major universities, or major figures in the political establishment. Archie Bunker was a figure to be ridiculed; Jackie Kennedy was not, much less the repellent brood of gangsters into which she married. Even in the heyday of "democratic elitism," then, the elites stuck together a good deal more than the theory said they were supposed to.

If their collusion was apparent even then, it is even more obvious today, and the kind of conflict that does exist—between the political parties or the "competition" between multinational oligopolies, for example—is by no means unusual even in what are clearly known to be ruling classes. In 18th century England, the political and cultural conflicts between Whig and Tory, Court and Country, was no less real and no less bitter than those between Republican and Democrat, Dan Quayle and Murphy Brown, today; but no one imagines that the conflicts of the Augustan Age were anything more than family squabbles within what Disraeli called the increasingly monolithic "Venetian oligarchy" of the British ruling class. Today, the essential unity of the elites is obvious not only in such shadow-boxing as the national election just concluded (far calmer than many 18th-century contests for a seat in the House of Commons) but also in the incestuous and self-serving structure of the elites in government, the economy, and the dominant culture. Each elite supports the others; their members share the same ideas, values, tastes, and manners; and they all collaborate in smothering anyone or anything that makes an audible squeak against the ruling class and its interests.

Genuinely adversarial dissent is discouraged or actively condemned, while books espousing ideas that question the common worldview and ideology of the ruling class are banned, candidates who challenge the political monopoly are systematically smeared and excluded from the official debates, and political groups that dissent from or challenge the monopolization of power are branded as "extremist" in the ruling class media and subjected to political and legal harassment and persecution by the ruling class police apparatus. Meanwhile, the policies and ideologies that each "competing elite" follows or peddles reinforce and support each other, so that even the illusion of competition and balance begins to shrivel. What stands out today about the elites of business, government, and the dominant culture is not any fiction about the "countervailing power" they represent, but their increasing unification and cooperation in defense of their common identity and common interests.

The process of oligarchization is evident also in the emergence of the typical traits of a ruling class, its class consciousness, manifested in the appearance of snobbery and the evolution of codes of dress, speech, manners, taste, and lifestyle that distinguish the ruling class from those outside it. In late 20th-century American society, it is increasingly easy to pick out of a crowd those Americans who are in the ruling class and those who are not, and only a brief conversation is necessary to confirm your intuition. The distinctions between them are only in part those of education, speech, and dress, and any extended conversation at once reveals the attitudinal gulf that separates the two orders of society.

The British ruling class of the 18th century was lucky, and almost unique, in escaping the usual fate of an aristocracy that solidifies itself into a unified oligarchy and exercises social and political power exclusively in pursuit of its own interests, with little concern for the interests of the larger society from which its power derives. But the British aristocracy, for all its flaws, remained a healthier class than its continental counterparts, which eventually fell to the firing squads and guillotines of new elites. There is little indication that our own emerging ruling class exhibits its virtues or even some of the flaws that helped it preserve its power. Efficient tyranny requires a certain amount of strong character, and the very structure of the American ruling class tends to weed out anyone who exhibits the traits necessary for the construction and maintenance of serious tyranny. That failing constitutes a major vulnerability of the new oligarchy, its incapacity to grasp fully the nature of power and what the exercise of power demands of those who wield it. Whether that failing is a vice or a virtue, it is certainly a weakness that those social forces outside the new ruling class can exploit to help send the American oligarchy to the same graveyard where all aristocracies eventually wind up.

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Foreign Correspondences

by William Mills

Down Ecuador Way, Part II

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Part of the charm of Latin American visual arts for me is the absence of extreme polarities in the continuum anchored by folk art on one end and fine art on the other. A continuum often seems not to exist in "First World Countries." The fine art that I saw in Ecuador often contained the themes and mythology of indigenous art; in addition, it had not so separated the natural, visual universe from the canvas that only the gnostics of art criticism could be a painting's interpreters.

The "uselessness and destruction of the object" which heralded the beginnings of abstract art grew partly out of the conviction that man is truly unconstrained, and thus any constraint in art became taboo. While out walking, the Czech painter Kupka apologized to nature for having attempted to copy it and promised not to do so anymore. Born in Moscow, Kandinsky was living in Munich before World War I when he declared that "Everything is permitted." Another painter, at least 20 years younger, was also living in Munich at this time, Adolf Hitler. Perhaps he overheard the older, more accomplished painter.

In "First World Countries," individualism, or at least the illusion of it, is the order of the day, and communal life seems to evade our grasp. Concurrently, the process of autonomy takes over every field of endeavor, including painting, which insists on the right of independent principles, certainly principles independent of community. While ordinary citizens could, and still can, be moved by a Giotto, a Donatello, a Botticelli in their daily lives, it would be interesting to compare the number of those who have been moved, consoled, or inspired by "Composition in Bright Colors with Gray Contours," to use a single example.

I was fortunate that my friend and aide-de-camp, Fernando Sanchez, was able to introduce me to the distinguished Ecuadorian painter Leonardo Tejada. Tejada, who is 87 years old, may be South America's oldest living master painter. Vigorous and full of life, he took me around his rooftop apartment where some 30 or 40 paintings mostly leaned against the walls. I was not prepared for the onslaught of brilliant colors; I was bathed in color. Tejada led me to a large, vertical canvas resting on an easel and said this was his current work. Five or six Indian faces hovered dreamlike about the canvas, and mixed with these were images clearly representative of indigenous mythology.

Figures from the indigenous world filled many of the other paintings, though not all of them. A few offered somewhat cubistic scenes of Quito's streets. Without in any way suggesting imitation, some reminded me of Chagall and occasionally of Miro. I nearly always find it difficult to speak about an art that does not work through words, even more so when the artist is at my elbow. The overall effect, however, was that Tejada's work was a great deal more than simply showy technique—it has subject matter. It called to mind for me that aging painter-genius, Gulley Jimson, of *The Horse's Mouth*. He says, "Why . . . a lot of my recent stuff is not much better, technically, than any young lady can do after six lessons at a good school. Heavy-handed, stupid-looking daubery. Only difference is that it's about something—it's an experience, and all this amateur stuff is like f--ting 'Annie Laurie' through a keyhole. It may be clever but is it worth the trouble?. . . Sit down and ask yourself what's it all about."

Certainly Tejada's technique is not heavy-handed or stupid-looking daubery. One aspect of it is the surface texture—a surface laid down first by knife but then virtually carved with small tools that the Indians use for working in leather and soft wood. At one point Tejada reached out and touched various patches of different colors and said each was a musical sound for him; he touched the dark greens and blues humming deep notes, then moved up the scales with lighter colors until his highest note was on some brilliant yellows. Toward the end of my visit he took me over to a small painting of rough texture about the war with Peru. He touched several parts of this canvas and named the villages where the fighting was. He did not tell me what sounds the painting made.

Painter Leonardo Tejada.

From Tejada, preeminent among the older generation, we set about looking for one of the leading young painters in a left-wing, quasi-communist bar by the name of "Mayo de 1968." I was told by Fernando that the bar's name is the date the government outlawed the Communist Party in Ecuador, and that this was where we might find Luigi Stornaiolo. Nowadays a few painters hang out in the "Mayo de 1968" and watch other customers do the salsa. The slender, unshaven Stornaiolo always seems to have a wry, even sardonic look in his eyes, although he and his handsome wife were friendly hosts when I visited them later in the week.

If Tejada's work often has a dreamlike quality, Stornaiolo's frequently has a nightmarish quality. Both painters have several styles. Stornaiolo can paint with almost draughtsmanlike realism, but he can shift to broad, violent brushstrokes that strike the viewer with powerful emotional impact. Again, with both painters, objects are not destroyed. At the same time, their work reflects many of the technical insights of the last century. Stornaiolo is above all a satirist, at least in the works I am familiar with. Some are only gently so, for example

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Painter Luigi Stornaiolo.

when he is treating old people, whether they be hashing out politics in the Cafe Madrilon near the Palace, or on a park bench. However, his satire can be ferocious when directed at other aspects of the urban scene, like "Miserable Characters on the 5th Floor." By way of category, some of his work might be called cartoon realism, yet there is an emotional intensity—of disgust, anxiety, or more gentle humor—that lifts it beyond any mere cartoon.

The art of weaving has a 4,000- or 5,000-year history in the Andes and remains very much alive in Ecuador. Numerous villages are engaged presently in weaving, but Otavalo is justly famous for its Saturday market and for its tapestries. Fernando and I took a bus north to Otavalo, passing a pub called "Bar Bam Bam," meeting a truck called the "Virgin of Baño," and during the trip I considered it dicey whether we would arrive, at least on the bus. Fernando takes it as a matter of national honor that no one should be overcharged, especially not foreigners. He had already asked other people around him what the fare was to Otavalo. The young conductor asked me for a higher price to the final destination of the bus and Fernando would not have it. The Spanish was too rapid for me to follow entirely, but the heat of the exchange was not. I distinctly heard the word for "jail." Three women around us came to our defense and when the bus driver stopped and came back, all of them began to attack him, whereupon I thought we would surely be put off on the mountain road. All of this was over 1,000 *sucres*, or about 30 cents, which I had offered, but Fernando would not permit it, and he prevailed.

The main plaza for weavings was ablaze in color, and we set about the great game of bargaining, all of which is expected. Bargaining, which is largely disappearing from life in the United States, adds so much to the vitality of commerce. We still have it on the floor of the stock exchange and best of all at livestock auctions; otherwise commerce is rather antiseptic, maybe a further example of this process of autonomy, or atomization that I mentioned earlier. Price-fixing is more difficult in such a vital market, unlike say the cartels that provide our breakfast cereals, pigs and poultry, or oil. Cracking jokes, feigning surprise at the "high" prices, Fernando had the surrounding merchants smiling admiringly at his act. I came away with several large tapestries which included some of the mythic symbols I had seen in the paintings back in Quito. One need have no fear of taking advantage of the Otavaleños; I was told they are the most successful Indian group in South America, some of them traveling the world. Fernando says he once saw one driving a Mercedes in Germany.

In Otavalo, as in the rest of Ecuador, the outdoor food stalls provide a wealth of choices: whole pig, head and all, turns on a spit, also whole roasted guinea pig; and nearby in hot pans of oil there are frying *tostadas de maíz* and *llapingachos* (mashed-potato-and-cheese pancakes). The gringo is living dangerously when he eats from food stalls (Fernando never eats "on the street"), not because something like the *tostadas de maíz* are contaminated, but because of the filthy water the dish may have been washed in. Parasites were some of the other souvenirs I brought back with me Stateside.

The next day I was sitting at the upscale, outdoor Cafe Amazonas, which is on one of the main drags in Quito; after enjoying some excellent small kabobs (*anticuchos*), I took some coffee "adjusted" with a bit of spirits. I believe Ecuador grows its own beef, and has such abundant seafood that it is an exporter. It has long been one of the principal banana exporters. I think Louisianians may be surprised, as I was, to learn that some of their famous crawfish and okra come from Ecuador (this information courtesy of the Quito office of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce). Further, American grain is so cheap that it is more economical for Ecuador to import it. Incidentally, for precious metals and gem buffs, the Cafe Amazonas is the gathering place for emerald and gold traders. Fernando knew some of them and it was a new sensation for me to have my hands on such exotic wealth.

The next day I visited those who probably will never have that sensation. I had set out to visit an orphanage in a section of Quito unfamiliar to Fernando and by mistake knocked on the door of the nunnery of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, whereupon I had the great pleasure of meeting a delightful woman, Mother Superior Rosa Haro. The interior courtyard was a bit of a shambles because the old roof tiles were being dumped from the second story roof that was being repaired. This monastery had originally been built by the Dominicans around 1600, but in 1871 it was turned over to the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. The first mother superior, who had come from Canada, died 15 days after her arrival.

Today, Sister Rosa's group primarily operates a school for poor children, 700 of them in six grades. Some of the nuns are quite old, one is 90, but they continue the struggle. In addition to teaching poor children, they also help troubled children, and minister to the prostitutes of Quito. If these women are without food or shelter, those basics are provided for a time, and the prostitutes are schooled in tailoring and as beauticians. I asked Sister Rosa for a realistic estimate of "reclamation," and she said about five percent. The mayor of Quito is helping some with the building repairs, but naturally money, food, and clothes are scarce (those interested may write Madre Superiora del Buen Pastor, Carrera Vela #147, P.O. Box 1241, Quito). Before I left, the good sister showed me where in the monastery Gabriel García Moreno, ruler of the country during part of the 19th century, had his enemies guillotined.

With Sister Rosa's directions we found the orphanage run by the nuns of St. Vincent de Paul. They are able to take care of from 120 to 130 children, from the first day of their lives until they are 20. We happened to arrive around lunchtime and visited a small group of children in their dining room. Each nun is responsible for a group. The children were all full of cheerful vitality and of

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course full of giggles at the gringo taking their picture. On the wall above their tables was a mural of Jesus with a very young-looking 12 disciples over which were the words in Spanish, "Give us this day, our daily bread." The meal was nothing fancy, but was the staple of Latin America, nourishing rice and beans. (Anyone interested in helping this group may write Sister Isabel at Hogar del Nino San Vicente de Paul, #220 San Vicente de Paul St., Quito.)

During the Fourth of July picnic at the U.S. Ambassador's residence, a young man I had seen on my flight to Quito walked up and thrust a broadside into my hands concerning Texaco. He and his partner mingled with the crowd, quietly handing out the sheet, until the ambassador read one and asked them to stop because this was a social occasion. They were from the Rainforest Action Network and its Ecuadorian front, Accion Ecologica, and were protesting oil spills in the Amazon. Their claim was that Texaco, operating in the Ecuadorian Amazon for 26 years, had produced 1.5 billion barrels of crude and spilled 3/100 of one percent of it (about 533,000 barrels). A part of that spill was no doubt due to the tremendous earthquake of March 1987, when the pipeline, which all the many oil companies use, ruptured along a 25-mile section. In 1990, perhaps because of a new environmental awareness, the Ecuadorian Energy Ministry adopted a new environmental protection policy that all oil companies had agreed to follow. But the American-based Rainforest Action Network insists that Texaco falls "far short of what would be required in the U.S."

Like nearly every other country, Ecuador runs on oil, but unlike many it gets 50 percent of its foreign revenue from oil and 50 percent of its government budget. Should oil revenues be cut off, the results would be traumatic. Besides needing money to pay the huge number of government employees (the number has jumped 500 percent since 1972 when oil production began), increased revenues will be needed for a population that has the third highest growth rate in South America and will double in 29 years. Unfortunately, current reserves are estimated to run out in 15 years. On top of all this, some claim that the present cost of extraction and environmental protection is more than the oil brings on the current international market.

I am of several minds about American political activity in Latin America. Part of me wants the Ecuadorians, and especially the Brazilians, to keep the rain forest intact for me in case a pharmaceutical botanist finds a cure for something I might get, or in case I just want to visit and be reminded how hard Adam and Eve had it before they were kicked out—no air-conditioning, or no television to keep up with Dick Morris and Slick. This part of me just wants it all there so some taxonomist can name everything before the Apocalypse. Another part of me wants the Ecuadorians to take care of their own house and send the American activists back to L.A. to teach all the drivers to "just say no." Probably if folks in L.A. stayed home one week, we would not need Ecuador's oil. Another part of me knows that with the economic and population pressure Ecuador faces, the Huaorani nomads, variously estimated to be 1,000-3,000, who live in the 2,700 square miles of what is called the Yasuni National Park and elsewhere in the rain forest, are not going to be permitted to keep it to themselves if the crunch comes.

In Part I of this adventure I mentioned that I had ended up living in a Quito residence where a number of young Americans were staying, all between 20 and 30, middle- and upper-middle-class college students from the East and West coasts. Most of them were affable and certainly energetic; I don't think there is a virgin mountain unclimbed in Ecuador. Some remarks overheard at dinner can be attributed to their youth, but others reflect what their teachers have taught them the last three or four decades. A young mountain climber: "I only want to be free—that's my politics. I certainly don't want to get mixed up in politics. Just let me climb my mountains." Another: "Pantheism, that's for me. Its god, you know, Pan, is part animal." A very pleasant woman from New England who was a second-year law school student: "I haven't read anything since high school, which is terrible when you think I'm an educated person." She was a vegetarian doing volunteer work for an environmental group. "I want to get to the jungle to be around *real* people." Had she managed to get deep in the bush, which she did not, she would have met people grilling whole monkey and for whom nearly everything alive was something to eat. The one "indigenous" she met charged her $40 a day for a ride in an Amazonian boat whose outboard conked out so that she had to paddle with a tree limb to get back to town. Finally, I heard considerable contempt for their own country, ranging from soft to virulent. A Californian: "The U.S. is the enemy of every country in the world."

Mother Superior Rosa Haro.

Anyone who has not heard that ideas have consequences and that a culture war has been waged since World War II, might consider that two generations of young people have been taught to despise their country and its economic system, to be suspicious of their parents, to encourage its women to hate the majority of their men, and in the name of internationalism, to accept kinds of immigration that are a national suicide pact.

Surely it must be possible to appreciate another country, another culture, its art, its food, whatever is admirable, without despising one's own. Ecuador has much to admire, certainly artistically. Scenically it is superb. Its economic and social problems do not result from a lack of natural resources. Its difficulties are, at least in part, a consequence of its ideas of itself, and maybe more importantly, those ideas result from the idea that the upper class has of itself, its lack of a sense of obligation to those below it. All this notwithstanding, one will be hard put to find an Ecuadorian who hates his country.

William Mills is a novelist and poet whose latest work of fiction is Properties of Blood.

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Letter From Pittsburgh

by Sarah J. McCarthy

White Devils With a Badge

Jonny Gammage died on the night of October 12, 1995, in front of Frank and Shirley's pancake parlor, just three miles from my home. Jonny was a black man, a cousin and business partner of Pittsburgh Steeler Ray Seals, and he died in the custody of five white suburban policemen who had pulled him over for a minor traffic violation. Gammage's last words, according to Whitehall police Sgt. Keith Henderson, were the unforgettable words of a man who feared for his life. "Keith, Keith, I'm only 31," he begged as he lay prone on the ground, the officers holding him down. A few minutes later he was dead of suffocation from the pressure applied to his neck and chest.

Sgt. Henderson testified that Gammage came out of the car swinging, and that had he been the arresting officer he would have shot Gammage. An eyewitness tow truck driver, sitting in Frank and Shirley's parking lot, refuted the officer's testimony, saying that a Brentwood policeman initiated the altercation, attacking Gammage from behind. One of the cops had a suspicious violent act in his past, and Jonny Gammage had a couple alleged incidents, inadmissible in court, where he had been belligerent to police officers in Syracuse.

Though there is no agreement on what really happened that night, two things are certain. Gammage shouldn't have died during a routine traffic stop, and the mutual demonization process that smolders between blacks and whites—especially between black men and white cops—created an explosive situation.

Fortunately, as we go to press, violence has not followed the acquittal in November of one of the white police officers charged with wrongdoing in Gammage's death. The Reverend Jesse Jackson did call Gammage's death a "lynching," and demonstrators outside the county courthouse did protest the all-white jury that acquitted the officer, but so far the city has escaped the kind of rioting seen recently in St. Petersburg, Florida.

The "officer dragged case," as it's known in Pittsburgh, is equally explosive. It involves John Wilbur, a police officer who was dragged through the city streets by his hand by a car full of black juveniles careening at speeds of up to 71 m.p.h.

Officer Wilbur had first approached the stolen car because three black teenagers were stopped in the middle of the street, sleeping at 1:30 A.M. at a green light. Wilbur opened the rear door of the champagne-colored Honda Accord after he saw one of the boys pop something into his mouth, which Wilbur correctly thought was drugs. The teenager slammed the door on Wilbur's hand. "I knew my hand was stuck in the door and I was going with this car whether I wanted to or not," Wilbur testified later from his wheelchair.

Dragged bouncing through the streets, Wilbur described the terror of traffic whizzing by in the opposite direction and the red flashes of police cars chasing behind him. The pain in his hand, his feet and his leg—which was scraped to the bone—was horrendous, but with three giant steps Wilbur vaulted himself atop the trunk of the car, reached for his gun with his free right hand and blindly fired at the occupants, killing two of them. The third, the driver, stopped the car and fled into the night.

Luckily for Wilbur, there were several witnesses to the incident who contradicted the accusations that spewed from the black community. Of the many verbal assaults on Wilbur, perhaps the worst was from Homewood resident Adama Taylor. "Wilbur deserved to get dragged up the street," she yelled at a police civilian review board meeting, "and I wish like hell his legs were broke the hell off. For real!"

Incredibly, despite the testimony of eyewitnesses backing Wilbur's account of the incident, four out of six of the jurors at the coroner's inquest said Wilbur should be arrested. The three black jurors said Wilbur should be charged with manslaughter for the deaths of the two youths, and one white juror wanted Wilbur held for homicide. The remaining two white female jurors thought Wilbur's actions were justified.

Allegheny County District Attorney Robert Colville refused to charge Wilbur, despite the findings of the coroner's jury, saying: "The law is clear. Anybody being dragged at 71 m.p.h. down the street for almost a mile has and should have the right to protect himself against those people."

The Gammage and Wilbur cases illustrate the atmosphere of racial demonization that permeates American culture. Although blacks have been the historical victims of racial demonization, today the demonization of whites in America has evolved to the point that black juries are increasingly finding black skin an entitlement to victim status, whether one has dragged a cop through the streets or cut off a woman's head.

Valerie McDonald, an African-American on Pittsburgh's City Council, responding to black reactions to the "officer dragged case," said she was glad Pittsburgh got to "hear the outrage" from the black community. "I'm happy that you felt discomfort, very edgy on your seat," she stated, her voice rising. "You needed to hear the anger that's going on in the community. Not everybody in Pittsburgh is happy."

Ms. McDonald also recently defended Pittsburgh's drug dealers, claiming that these boys are just selling drugs to put "meat and potatoes" on the family table. Just in case young black males need any additional encouragement to deal drugs, carjack, or drag policemen through the streets by their hands, there's always a hallelujah chorus who will provide the excuses and lead the cheers.

It is understandable that McDonald and others who care about young black males would want to blame someone outside the community for the destruction and chaos in their lives. It is understandable, but definitely not helpful to these boys who are in ever-increasing numbers ending up murdered, addicted, or in jail—not because of racist cops, but because of the crime spree in which they are so heavily involved.

"One black male graduates from college for every 100 who go to jail," stated General Colin Powell at a recent graduation speech. In a nation where young black males comprise less than three percent of the population and commit nearly half of all homicides and two-thirds of all violent crimes, mostly against each other, it's time for less rhetoric and some serious soul searching.

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FILM

Southern White Trash

by Margie Burns

Surely anyone looking at film with an eye to understanding American pop culture or, for that matter, American serious culture, lately, would have to be intrigued by the recent spate of "white-trash flicks." Every season over the past three years seems to have produced its brace of movies set in either the South or a trailer park (often synonyms, to filmmakers), each with mush-mouthed characters more desperately degenerate than the last, as though directed to act out Tom Lehrer's parody, "Be it ever so decadent, / There's no place like home."

Category films, of course, have existed as long as film itself: even silent movies depicted love stories, Westerns, and dog dramas; gangsters, spies, and war stories were film staples from the 1930's; and by the 1970's, further categories had developed—Road movies, Buddy movies, Caper movies, etc., as named by critic James Monaco. But now, within view of the millennium, Hollywood has refined two new categories, each bearing its own deadly virus of social fear: the Fear-of-Getting-Stuck-in-the-South movie and the Trailer-Park movie.

Generally, movies present the South—like trailer parks—as some asymptomatic realm antithetical to money, gentility, and status. It is a kind of Lower Slobbovia, a giant, wobbling ooze of swamp/belly/id that threatens to suck you down to its level, too, if you're not careful. This premise underlies both the Fear-of-Getting-Stuck-in-the-South genre, which demonstrates what might happen to someone passing through the region, and the Trailer-Park flick, which demonstrates the obverse fear of what might happen when They get loose. These may be termed, respectively, the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* of South-movie archetypes.

In ascending order of humor and descending order of violence, *Easy Rider*, *Deliverance*, *My Cousin Vinny*, *Undercover Blues*, and even *Doc Hollywood* (which tried feebly to reverse the pattern) had as their premise the fear of getting stuck in the South. Of course, the granddaddies of the pattern were *Easy Rider* (1969) and *Deliverance* (1972), unparalleled to this day in colonialist nativism represented through Killer Rubes; if white-trash film characters embody the suppressed fears of a white-collar audience, these two films unleashed the prototypical nightmares. And opening with the Boom of the Sunbelt—remember that?—both movies also constructed a clear, and stellar, slogan for Interstate strip development: NEXT TIME, STAY IN A HOWARD JOHNSON'S.

The message of recent South movies has further crystallized: DON'T STOP. One lightweight example was *My Cousin Vinny* (1991), which should be viewed as a kind of catalog or mother lode of South formulas. Driving through Alabama, the movie's two inoffensive young New Yorkers are arrested for murder over a missing can of tuna (just what *would* happen); the arresting cop pops up unprovoked from the landscape, gun out, along with a lady cop who wears a hair clip through her spit curl—much like the "Indians" in old B westerns. Typical: "The laws are medieval" here; "the minimum age for execution is ten" (South = jail); "You know how corrupt it is down here. They all know each other" (South = incest, political or otherwise); "Sometimes there's a big guy named Bubba no one wants to tangle with, and he'll protect you" (South = anal assault); Joe Pesci's car gets mired to the hubcaps (South = mud); and the trial hinges on Marisa Tomei's identifying a getaway car through service-station arcana (South = cars). The only formulae missing are trains and Mama.

Of course, pitchforking a dislocated character into an incongruous setting is formula anyway, and either character or setting must be predictable, to foreground the action—to highlight the incongruity. So, movie white-trashery can belong to either the setting or the main character.

Another lightweight example of the white-trash setting was *Undercover Blues* (1993), in which two yuppie spies—Kathleen Turner and Dennis Quaid—vacation in the consumer heaven of New Orleans but must evade both international espionage and local mean streets. It's a carnival of ethnic stereotypes, including Southern white bumbling cops, an African-American bumbling cop, and a Mexican-American bad guy called Muerte/Mortie, with the running joke that every time he gets beaten up, he spits out another tooth. Resentful locals here are local cops with impenetrable Southern accents—the gruff superior, and the jovial, appealing inferior with a lisp on top of his accent; grits meets gravy.

Classical mystery typically pits local police officials against the classier amateur detective (à la *Murder, She Wrote* and *Diagnosis Murder*). Likewise, Cold War and post-Cold War movies often pit small-time police against the classier James Bond-league secret agent (as in that film oddity titled *You Only Live Twice*, also set in New Orleans). Turning this upper-crusty tradition to baguettes, *Undercover Blues* is good suburban fantasy—that two years of undergraduate French, a tan, a martial-arts course, and no regional accent make for an international agent—which for all we know may be *true* and would explain a lot about the CIA. Anyway, there is no dues-paying with years on the police beat or walking up the steps of crackhouses.

Avoiding dues, in fact, may be key here. The fantasy of avoiding dues-paying characterizes movie Southernness in general; the screen South becomes a never-never-land where anything goes. This fantasy can also be found offscreen. The September 1993 *Harper's* quoted an English professor at UMass/Amherst (in a ghastly roundtable about sexual harassment on campus), fondly asserting that in a redneck bar, patting a woman on her butt is perfectly okay. But the flip side of the fantasy is a guilt-ridden fear of paying dues with a vengeance—as in *Deliverance*, or even *My Cousin Vinny*—of figures jumping out of the landscape, sometimes to do what has been done to the landscape itself.

The silver screen's overlap of region (South) and class (low) is stunningly

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overt in the recent spate of white-trash films (trailer parks). Examples run a short gamut from *Kalifornia* to *True Romance*, partly including *Gun Crazy*, *Short Cuts*, *Flesh and Bone*, *A Perfect World*, *Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me*, *Benefit of a Doubt*, *Love and a .45*, among others. If one newspaper headline never seen is "Tornado Skips Trailer Park," a *Variety* headline not seen is "Hollywood Skips Trailer Park."

Obviously, poor-white movies are not new; two examples (1957 and 1975) were named *White Trash* straight out. Nor is the South new as movie setting; the *Video Retriever* lists over 150 examples, most in either the *Baby Doll* tradition of snagtoothed Neanderthals or the *Gone With the Wind* tradition of decaying magnolias. And not all white-trash movies are set in trailer parks; and sometimes characters in trailers retain some human dignity, as in *The Client*, whose main characters are represented as having to live in a trailer because they can't afford the house they wish for.

The difference with more recent uses of some of these old film formulas is in the new virulence of the representations. Vintage "Southern gothic" had its formulaic aspects of dysfunction. But the recent movies get into terrain so graphically violent, it's as though somebody really *means* this stuff, or at least means for it to get into the national psyche. There is a linkup of formula characters with graphic carnage that is dangerously suggestive—although at times humorous, in its composite of trailer parks as basically breeding grounds for serial killers, liable at any given moment to swarm loose like mosquitoes for their next crime spree toward the Southwest.

But the sometimes humorous parochialism does not conceal its underlying phobias; trailer-park movies play to two main insecurities, economic and sexual. The first is obvious. In a worsening labor market and general "fear of falling," with jobs threatened and professional status tenuous—especially in white-collar jobs less essential than either brain surgery on one hand or garbage collecting on the other—where the marks of status and even of merit are often intangible, some target audience evidently responds like Pavlov's dogs to the mere image of trailer parks, a sign of what threatens them most: the possibility of winding up in one. Ridiculing trailer parks distances the fear.

The second insecurity gets even more lurid. While I do not want to hurt anyone's feelings, this obsessive fantasizing about life inside trailers does not speak well for the opinion-making sector. (Sex instead of working! Without consequences! A special gene that wards off STD's? Or do they care?—Lord knows they don't mind pregnancy.) The movies speak xenophobically of things slipping, of borders falling, in a glutted thirtysomething and fortysomething job market teeming like Claes Oldenburg's cigarette butts with advertising sales representatives, programmers, marketing analysts, assignment editors, production assistants, and the rest, all writhing in a collective promotional mantra, CONDOMS SÍ, TRAILER PARKS NO! This xenophobia is then often attributed to Southerners.

Two obvious examples were *True Romance* and *Kalifornia*. Take "Alabama," in *True Romance*: blooming like a flower among black drug dealers and Sicilian crimemasters, she's the Southern white-trash love interest: from Tallahassee, and a short-term prostitute, since you ask, but with a heart of gold—"100 percent monogamous." The hero's father is killed (by Sicilians) in a trailer; the young-outcast lovers go on the lam; the rather appealing Patricia Arquette character is brutally beaten in a motel room.

Kalifornia also breaks loose from a trailer park, where the male lead (Brad Pitt) murders the landlord and the pair (Pitt with Juliette Lewis) set out for California. Interestingly, they ride with another young couple, from Soho, on a sociological pilgrimage through serial-killer sites in Tennessee, Arkansas ("wherever the hell Arkansas is," says the college-educated youth), and Texas. "Earlie" has a Confederate flag on his visor, a plastic Jesus on the dashboard, and a passive girlfriend who—like Alabama—takes a beating well.

The trip threatens to downgrade the upscalers ("A week ago you never would have picked up that gun"), partly because the rednecks get to define masculinity, while the Northerners do mostly haircutting and photography. But the pecking order of upper-class boy, upper-class girl, lower-class boy, and lower-class girl ordains that the lower-class girl will be killed first. And next? Will the trailer-park bogeyman be exorcised? Will there be a gory shootout won by Soho, in the final class-edged grudge match? Is the Pope Polish?

Not only main characters carry the burden of stereotype, however. Incidentals can be telling, too—especially with regard to those Southern women. One tantalizing cameo is the li'l trollop character and friend-of-murder-victim who, with syrupy accent and provocative gestures, teases Wesley Snipes in *Rising Sun*. In Crichton's novel, the perverse "gasper"/murder-victim-who-asks-for-it is herself a Texas beauty: "Cheryl Lynn Austin; born Midland, Texas; graduate of Texas State." (Texas *State*?) The movie wisely changes the obligatory Southern-slut character from central to incidental, one who provides needed exposition and also that warded-off threat of miscegenation so beloved of cheesy filmmakers.

Traditional Southern characters tend to be either brutal or snaky; lurking danger seems to add to the women's appeal especially. Take *No Mercy* (1986; Kim Basinger and Richard Gere), set in Louisiana swamps. The heroine here was a white-cracker/blond-Cajun(?) love slave, sold by her parents in her childhood, to a ponytailed Creole gangster. Sure: just what parents in modest circumstances, in places like Louisiana, are doing every day. Somewhere, some film-concept person dreams of poling his pirogue down those *steam-eh, steam-eh* bayous teeming with malleable women, trawling for Basinger. Ms. Basinger herself has been more generous toward her native terrain.

An effective parody-South movie, following West Virginian Daniel Boyd's *Strangest Dreams* of 1990, could be written today, with women named "Comf'table" and "'Vailable." This is what characterizes Southern women in movies—a sexual relationship without complexity or consequences (throw 'em a good sweet potato every once in a while and they're happy), their bodies handed over at scant inconvenience to them or anyone else. Their fecklessness about beatings is a case in point; they must not feel pain the way we do.

Screen representation of the sexuality of Southern women parallels screen representation of the martiality of Southern men: good ol' boys are likewise available—eager to go fight bush wars, their bodies also handed over at scant inconvenience to themselves or anyone else (Molly Ivins has noted the stock character of the Southern slopeheaded ridgerunner-recruit in war movies). Unfortunately, writing physical and moral courage into such an alien character can make courage itself seem alien; stamina,

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loyalty, and courage in Southern movie characters sometimes suggest they're too dumb to know any better. Enter *Forrest Gump*.

Forrest Gump has abundant similarities with another recent white-trash movie not often compared to it: *Natural Born Killers*. In both, boy and girl lost souls befriend each other; the Southern/cracker girls are abused by their fathers—in *Natural Born Killers*, this is so blatantly a motif that Rodney Dangerfield doesn't even bother with a Southern accent to match his daughter's—and both girls escape in a flight westward. In both movies, of course, the girl also gets beaten up.

Both movies feature the drug culture and Vietnam; both include a scenic race westward to the coast; and in both, the Southern good ol' boy becomes a hero erratically, by default. Both movies also use cutting-edge cinematography with soundtracks of great oldies, and both splice in actual-history footage. And (just to be ticky), each movie includes one scene from a vertiginous height; each includes one cheap scene—the shot of Tonya Harding in *Natural Born Killers* (speaking of trailer parks) and Gump's blocked-out speech on Vietnam—and each ends with a brief "family" sentimentalism. In other words, Baby Boomers have hit the big screen, with their generally Jeffersonian dreams, admiration of hard work, glutted-job-market ambivalence toward creativity, and fear of success.

Reviewers were mixed about both films—criticizing Oliver Stone for exploitation and *Gump* for sentimentality—overlooking the genuine pathos in both, such as the character of Jenny, eager to escape the stigmas represented by Forrest's I.Q. and his accent and passionately grasping at the upscale superficials represented interchangeably by college, California, and the drug culture. That Gump becomes a gazillionaire because a hurricane misses his shrimp boat (another seldom-seen headline) is a red herring.

Flaws aside, both movies were relatively successful, surely because—like *Schindler's List*—they included something approximating actual history and assumed, correctly, that the audience would tolerate its inclusion. With the Cold War over, giant divots of public attention span dug up by the Berlin Wall are being gradually replanted; history is allowed in entertainment again.

On another note: to retire the chainsaw trophy once and for all, *Pulp Fiction* has now brought an anal rape by two white hayseeds against a black crime lord, released by Miramax (owned by family-minded Disney, speaking of overturning stereotypes). This comic *Deliverance* knockoff is a tidy little political allegory—probably unintended—with the white rube countryside and the black inner city, equally demonized in news and entertainment media, screwing each other to profit a basically suburban perspective. Thus *Gump* and *Pulp Fiction* were superficially pitted as Oscar contenders, in the new opinion-making-sector-sponsored civil war of White Trash Nation versus Hip Nation.

Maybe *Gump* and *Natural Born Killers*, between them, represent the culmination of a trend. Two recent movies, after all, do separate the terrain of the South from that of trailer parks, between *The War* and *The Beans of Egypt, Maine*. Or, on the other hand, maybe not. A viewing of *Judge Dredd* reveals that even in the futuristic third millennium, there are still weapons-toting, religion-spouting crazies in the hills, gunning for the hero. Filmmakers seem to need those hillbillies. And more recently, the flop *The Tie That Binds* links the white-trash component with birth parents, against upscale adoptive parents . . . a new low.

The most recent South-set movie, of course, is the mainly estimable *A Time to Kill*. Like John Grisham's other works, it is relatively humane, nuanced, and sociologically balanced—not all black and white or cartoonish stereotypes; even the Klan character (Kiefer Sutherland) is humanly motivated by his brother's death and is shown in the murder scene pulling his mother out of gunshot. That said, the movie is still an indirect tribute to the importance of detail in filmmaking. Slight changes—captioning at the beginning to set the movie 15 years ago (even) in Mississippi, for example—would have strengthened the film by making it more believable. And the role of the vestigial Klan should have been reduced, some of it mapped more believably onto separate personal and social conflicts.

While white-trash characters can embody white-collar nightmares, they can also act out white-collar resentments, and they broaden the range of permissible representation. But this is a two-edged sword. If speaking truth to power is a desideratum, perhaps it should be performed by more characters than those who say things like, "Don't he have a purty mouth on him?" (Actual human beings who live where *Deliverance* was set have referred to James Dickey as "Marse Jim"). Nor should an understandable aim of representing racism as somehow low-class be allowed to indulge the fiction that race privilege is found only in some regions and not others.

One can tap into a rich vein of semiotics, through representations of region in American film. As has been pointed out before, these representations manifest a felt need for authenticity—projected onto Southern latitudes as a place of special latitude—with results not always as reductive as the examples discussed above. That movie "Southernness" releases commentary and attitude otherwise repressed has some positive potential, and even flawed examples with agrarian roles played against type by actors like Tony Curtis and Michael Caine—ridiculed in their time, but gutsy in their way—made earnest efforts toward some kind of social texture.

The tapestry of backwardness (real or imagined), like the historical past, has its uses for creating social texture, and can be ironic or transforming. John Sayles' *Matewan* was a powerful use of the terrain both of country and of history; Callie Khouri's use of the dual second-class citizenry of two Southern women in *Thelma and Louise* created a 20th-century version of Aristotelian causality; and before both, the never-yet-equaled *Nothing But a Man* will always rebut the suggestion of thin though well-meant movies like *Mississippi Burning*, that social change is caused almost entirely by white agentry. These films do more than just commodify the dispossessed.

Meanwhile, alongside the bogus history of caricature, some real history is seeping back into popular movies. Both *Natural Born Killers* and *Gump* were relatively successful, in spite of their flaws, partly because they tracked with actual history connected to their audience—like, in different ways, *Schindler's List*, *Mr. Holland's Opus*, and even *Casino*. If this is a trend, the best example may be *Independence Day*, full of references to recent history and current events/issues. It is too bad the charming Harry Connick, Jr., character had to die to save the planet—as the loyal Texas sidekick died in Bram Stoker's *Dracula*, helping humanity against the undead (this tradition goes back a long way). I

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for one am tired of happy endings transacted over the bodies of dead hayseeds, but you cannot make an omelette without breaking aigs.

Margie Burns writes from Cheverly, Maryland.

REGIONALISM

J. Evetts Haley–Cowboy, Patriot

by Evetts Haley, Jr.

The Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library.

J. Evetts Haley.

He "was a product, even more than most men are, of his time, soil and circumstance. He was an intent, practical man of driving and determined purpose. . . . But most of all he was an unreconstructed rebel." B. Byron Price, executive director of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame, in his eulogy for J. Evetts Haley, chose that selection from Haley's biography *George W. Littlefield, Texan*. Though the passage was J. Evetts' summary of the great pioneer Texas soldier, cowman, and banker, to Price, "Mr. Haley was also describing himself."

More readers will remember my father, J. Evetts Haley, by way of his books than from all the biographies and biographical sketches about him. His published works are likely to be far more important to subsequent generations as well.

It was from my father that I first heard the admonition that "a people ignorant of their history are doomed to relive it." My father, who died at 94 on October 9, 1995, in Midland, Texas, more than any other person I have known in my more than 60 years, was aware of the mistakes of our country's past. He studied those of governments, societies, and families. His greatest hope was that he could help his family, his state, and his country avoid the stress and danger of confiscation of property, bankruptcy, revolution, and dictatorship during the generations to come.

Searching for answers was a natural part of everyday life for J. Evetts Haley. "What is a historian? How does an observer compare historians? What are the personal characteristics that lend validity to their chronicles?" For my answer, I offer a 1991 description from another contemporary historian, Otto Scott, who may have said it best when he wrote:

> He [J. Evetts Haley] is a true historian, therefore, because he deals not only with the facts of behavior, but with their meaning; not only with struggles and outcomes, but with their significances. He does not write to flatter nor to denounce, but to have a record of those who were brave and true as well as those against whom they contended—for we know that in this world virtue must always contend against vice.

Scott went on to illustrate with excerpts from J. Evetts Haley's best-known book nationally, and his only "negative biography," *A Texan Looks At Lyndon: A Study In Illegitimate Power*. As a paperback, that biography sold five and a half million copies.

From my vantage point as his only son, it is difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish between J. Evetts Haley my father and J. Evetts Haley the observer, sociopolitical critic, and mentor. For instance, at dinner with family and friends, current political affairs were *always* a subject of discussion, if not the principal one. This does not mean that J. Evetts was derelict in his attention to his ranch business. Far from it. His attention to the details inherent in the care and management of cattle was little short of phenomenal. It just did not take J. Evetts Haley long to decide which work he would go at the next morning. "If it's not sleeting or snowing here when we get up we will drive the north pasture and shape up a hospital bunch to put in the west trap for extra attention. If it is, and not too wet, we will haul another load of feed. Don't forget, after you have rustled the horses to make sure that wide-horn cow lets that doggie suck. That calf won't be able to make it through the weather we're expecting if he doesn't get filled up twice a day."

Then the conversation would be back to the threat to states' rights. I recall his reaction when President Eisenhower ordered elements of the Army's 101st Airborne Division to force Little Rock Central High School into accepting the Supreme Court's decision in *Brown* v. *Board of Education*, an authoritarian and unconstitutional action that troubled Dad greatly.

Our conversations would include observations about the historical precedent of current activities and trends—philosophical, psychological, and racial predilections and their effect on forthcoming election results and legislation. I may have *heard* more about the British, French, American, and Texas revolutions and about our War Between the States in high school and at the University of Texas, but I *learned* more about them and their true causes and effects at home.

Often the questions Dad posed were controversial and provocative: "Where can we find the American history professor who will accept the premise that the War Between the States should not have been fought and that Lincoln was wrong about dissolution?" J. Evetts fervently believed that the United States Constitution, correctly interpreted, does not bind the states together against their will. "Where can we find the university professor who understands (or will admit) that 'the best in American manhood' was decimated in that tragic war on both sides of the Mason/Dixon, and those among the Anglo survivors in the South who were achievers and property owners were, and for the most part their descendants still are, disillusioned about the equity or viability of our federal system?" "Where is the history or economics department that understands the election of Woodrow Wilson and its portent for the country, or the election of Franklin D. Roosevelt and our country's adoption of the New Deal welfare state and its entrance to World War II?"

My early recollections of visitors in the modest home of my father and mother include American patriots with service dating from before World War II. Others were met elsewhere, but often discussed at home. Among these was Hi-

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laire du Berrier, who to this day publishes a fine newsletter on military intelligence and political history for his subscribers. There was also Brigadier General Bonner Fellers, formerly with U.S. Army Intelligence, who was attached to the staff of British Field Marshall Viscount Montgomery in North Africa before our entrance into that costly conflict and about whom President Roosevelt said to his Chief of Staff upon reading General Fellers' reports, "Get that S.O.B. out of there!" There was no doubt in General Fellers' mind (nor in World War II correspondence Frazier Hunt's) that Roosevelt wanted to bring our country into the European War and schemed to get it done, as finally happened in another hemisphere on December 7, 1941 (two days before my tenth birthday).

Frazier and Emmy Hunt visited our three-room clapboard ranch house on Lake Creek in Hutchinson County in the Texas Panhandle just months after my marriage to Frances Shaller in 1954. Frazier, a historian and an ex-war correspondent, was beginning to write history at his home in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. By this time, I had been to the University of Texas and returned without a degree a semester after my savings had run out. J. Evetts had earned a master's in history there in 1927 and at least one respected contemporary of his was a professor of Texas history at the university in the 50's. It was with apprehension that he agreed to send me there. Since his university days, Marxism had become pervasive in many institutions of higher learning, and the pseudo-ideals of John Dewey had virtually destroyed the standards of learning in the name of progressivism in our public schools, of which I was a product.

My mother, Nita Stewart Haley (who died in 1958), was an orphan. Her parents had died at Longview, Texas, by the time she was eight years old, and she was raised in the Oddfellows Home at Waxahachie. She worked her way through college, first by waiting tables, later by tutoring. By teaching college English and dramatic arts, she managed to pay off her one loan *before* marrying my father.

Perhaps it follows that J. Evetts Haley as an observer and historian was unalterably opposed to government support for tuition and board for college and university students. He was decidedly cool toward private support for college enrollment as well. He often told me, "Those deserving of an education will work to provide the means for it or figure out how to secure scholarships or private loans sufficient to get it." He was also cool toward "degrees" as evidence of achievement, considering them more symbolic than substantive, even though he had earned two. He believed the country and its economy were decidedly better off if a preponderant majority of the population were not "educated" to think that manual labor was somehow not necessary and honorable. Maids, yardmen, ditch diggers, wood choppers, porters, taxi drivers—all should be respected and never considered members of an "underclass," a term he abhorred.

He often commented during the last 20 years of his life, particularly regarding certain individuals with a university education, that "the trouble with them is they think they think!" He believed that general affluence created artificially by inflation and the welfare state had given many people too much time to think.

Like most real cowmen, J. Evetts was a strong believer in breeding. Yet in social life or in political approach, he was no elitist. Unlike many talented people of an artistic bent, he took time to invite into his study (or kitchen) visitors of the most meager circumstances and origins. With them he was invariably courteous and unpretentious, yet he could be caustic and blistering with governors or others in high office. On one occasion, I was with him when he told a college president that he (or one of his professors) had lied about him and that it had better not happen again. (He got an apology forthwith.) On another in the early 50's, I was with him on a car trip when one morning at a diner in an obscure New Jersey suburb a would-be tough was verbally abusing the young woman behind the coffee counter, and refused to pay. Other patrons acted embarrassed and tried to ignore what is today fairly typical rudeness. J. Evetts got up from his table after a couple of minutes and stepped between the obnoxious man and the cash register and said, "The lady has heard enough from you and so have I. Pay her and hush or I'm going to take you outside with me." The fellow sheepishly paid and left.

One of the last few out-of-town friends to see my dad was a man who drove over 300 miles to visit him. This visitor was a man sophisticates do not try to understand and the supercilious are apt to ridicule. But Dad not only made time for him whenever he stopped by, he had actually refinanced the man's truck, his only business or property, back in the late 50's when Dad could ill afford to do so. This independent driver/owner hauled many of our family's cattle for some 20 years without a relief driver and without serious mishap. And, he retired the note.

Months before the Pearl Harbor attack, I had the opportunity to accompany J. Evetts on one of his day trips to the Clear Lake Ranch south of Houston. Dad was at that time the general ranch manager for J.M. West (the older) of Houston, who was until his death the largest individual rancher in Texas. He left in 1942 after the death of Mr. West and after World War II got fully underway. The West ranches were scattered from Clear Lake (the ranch became the site of NASA and the sprawling subdivisions surrounding it) to the Figure 2's, a great West Texas ranch stretching across more than 100 square miles beneath the renowned Guadalupe Peak, the highest point in Texas. On that peaceful Sunday afternoon on our way back to town, Dad drove along the Houston ship channel. I'll never forget his not incidental observation as he pointed to a freighter flying the Rising Sun flag and being loaded with scrap iron, our country's waste at that time, and said, "We will see that iron being shot back at us." Among other accurate predictions were the advance of our own welfare state and America's burgeoning inflation following the reelection of FDR in 1936.

As an opposing Jeffersonian Democrat that year, he was in an unpopular position, and was fired from the University of Texas and the best job he had held to that time. He was the collector of history and historical artifacts for the museum at the university on a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation. Through the years following, he often observed that political liberals do not really believe in "academic freedom." They issue the cry shamelessly in order to protect the tenure of their own liberal professors, who are bent on subverting the free enterprise system. Then college and university boards that dare to represent the taxpayers and defend capitalism and the economic system that produced the funds to pay the professors who then become propagandists of the left are labeled "extremist."

Some 20 years following J. Evetts' dismissal from the University of Texas, he

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sat on the other side of the academic fence as a member of the Board of Directors of Texas Technological College, appointed by then-governor Allan Shivers. (During that same period, Governor Shivers also appointed J. Evetts the first member from Texas to the founding Board of Directors of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame and Western Heritage Center in Oklahoma City. Twenty-five years later he was inducted into the Cowboy Hall's Hall of Great Westerners.) While J. Evetts was on the Board of Texas Tech, the Board suspended two professors as subversives (communist fellow travelers), and a brouhaha ensued. The Board members, particularly J. Evetts, who had pushed for the dismissal, were called everything imaginable in the media, except American patriots.

It was in 1954 that Frazier and Emmy Hunt visited our ranch home on Lake Creek in the Texas Panhandle. Frazier Hunt wrote the definitive biography of General Douglas MacArthur, following which for "fun" he wrote a biography of "Billy the Kid." Much of his research for this book was from the notes and files of J. Evetts Haley (who had himself considered doing a book on the Lincoln County, New Mexico war). These files today are in the archives of the Nita Stewart Haley Memorial Library in Midland, and since being on deposit there, two more books on the Lincoln County War have been written and largely researched from J. Evetts' files, and a third book is forthcoming.

Frazier Hunt's natural wit and innate Scots/Irish sense of humor complemented Dad's own, and my bride and I were captivated by the charm of summer evenings beside coal oil lamps, after the day's work was done, with no sounds to interrupt the conversation of the two historian-patriots of widely differing American backgrounds except those of crickets, whippoorwills, hoot owls, coyotes, and an occasional cow seeking to reassure her calf of mama's proximity. The Weller's bourbon and fresh well water (later Rebel Yell, strictly sold in the South) fueled exuberance and no doubt some extensions of these conversations.

Much could have been learned by listening to J. Evetts and Frazier Hunt discuss not only the tragic maneuvers of politicians without principle that led to combat deaths and the subjugation of vast numbers of people by armies and secret police, but also about the content and form to be used in chronicling history. J. Evetts was decidedly skeptical of the work of even the best among journalistically trained writers when they attempted to write history. Of course, Frazier was himself a journalist.

J. Evetts argued that newspaper writers were apt to be shallow or disinclined to do the research necessary for writing history. He believed that the newspaperman's "deadline" became his commanding motivation rather than a desire to get to the bottom of the story. To some extent Frazier agreed with him, but he also believed in the necessity of a regular deadline in order for a writer to acquire a habit of producing copy.

I remember Frazier looking at me across the kitchen table and remarking, "I understand you are inclined toward doing some writing yourself. Let me give you some advice. Get your dad to help you buy a small rural weekly newspaper anywhere in Texas. You go to work there and do *all* the work, except typesetting, yourself. Meeting that deadline will get you in the *habit* of writing. I have known very few people in all my years of experience who had the self-discipline to produce serious writing *without* having had years of experience in meeting at least a weekly deadline. Your dad is the rare exception!"

Perhaps more than anything other than Dad's great integrity, I now hope the intellectual community will remember that he lived to produce some 23 books and pamphlets of biography of Texas and the Southwest. He did this almost entirely while making his living in the cattle business. He did not believe an author should promote his own work. He believed that the work should be promoted by the publisher only, after which it should sell itself. He was aghast at the modern practice of authors appearing on television talk shows plugging their own books. He thought they were prostituting themselves. In spite of J. Evetts' attitude toward promotion and a general lack of it done on any of his books, his 1936 biography *Charles Goodnight: Cowman and Plainsman* has been in print for 61 years.

Sometime in the late 50's, following Frazier Hunt's advice to me, Dad and I went to look at what was then a rural weekly newspaper with the thought of buying it. After a couple of days of negotiation and serious deliberation on Dad's part, he decided against the purchase, somewhat to my disappointment. Today, I could be far better off financially had we gone through with the purchase. That little weekly is now a major newspaper in Mesquite, Texas, and is one of the best in the Dallas suburbs. But Dad knew back then (James Evetts III was a baby) that life on the ranch for me and his grandchildren would be a whole lot more conducive to character building.

One exchange of letters with Dad in the spring of 1951 stands clear in my mind. I had written him a rather hasty and superficial response to the famous farewell address ("old soldiers never die, they just fade away") of General Douglas MacArthur before Congress, subsequent to his dismissal by Harry Truman.

Dad answered as follows:

> I was disturbed and disappointed over your reaction to MacArthur's great speech. It will go down in history. I sat in the study with your mother and cried as he talked. . . . You show evidence of the cynicism that is the curse of this age. When you have labored, fought and slaved for your country, unselfishly, as long as I have, to say nothing of MacArthur's 52 years of service, you will, I hope, realize the difference between deep and moving sentiment and mushy sentimentality. More than that, if you do not realize it much sooner, you and the country too will be sunk.

Midway through the next paragraph, he warned: "But the youthful, callow cynics of the make-believe university atmosphere where you are stand above sentiment, love of country, and deep abiding devotion. Shake yourself out of this dishonest, dilettante atmosphere or it will ruin you."

In February of the following year, I did "shake out" of that "false atmosphere," and ever since I've been punching cows, hauling hay, digging postholes, fighting drought and government controls and predatory taxes—making a living from cattle produced for and sold on a free market. For these 44 years, I have followed the course in partnership with J. Evetts Haley.

What remains is the memory. One final memory is that of a man past 90, already in decline, saying to me, "Don't you ever forget, I'm behind you. My hand is always on your shoulder."

Evetts Haley, Jr., writes from Midland, Texas.

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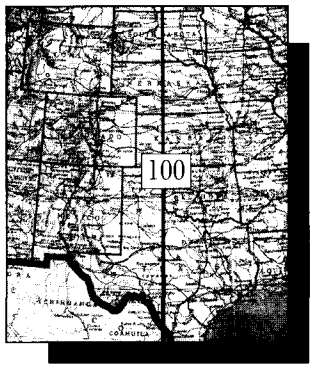
by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

Dust Thou Art

Sheep Mountain like a fallen tombstone lay on the horizon under a sky thickening with gray cloud ribbons and white lenticulars. It was too cold for snow yet and rain had not fallen for weeks in the mountains. The wind raised small storms of dust on the pale surface of the clay road, and whirled the last yellow leaves from the brushy aspen stands. Past the washboard last spring's ruts, still fixed in the hard clay, shunted the front end of the truck left, right, then back to center again. The trailer followed, fishtailing in clouds of the fine dust. From the cattle guard at the top of the rise south of Commissary Ranches the twin red triangles of Baldy Mountain and Wyoming Peak 50 miles north appeared, waiting for snow.

At Fontenelle Creek I parked the rig on a bench south of the crossing above the beaver dammed flood plain, saddled the mare, and strapped on the pack and the rifle in its leather scabbard. Red fire winked in the early dusk from camps sheltered by aspen groves across Pomeroy Basin as we followed the wooded switchbacks down to the crossing, where we turned up the right bank of Fontenelle to Bear Trap Creek. The cloud cover extended itself beyond the frontal ridge as it thickened and lowered above the mountains and now the air felt gentle and soft, full of treachery. I kicked the mare up to a trot as we ascended along Bear Trap, then let her keep her own pace on the steeps. We reached camp with only enough light to raise the tent by, and gather wood. The night was warm as in summer, but starless. Following supper I worked gathering more of the dry wood and carrying it in under shelter of the limber pines and afterward sat late beside the fire drinking whiskey, while the mare grazed. Deep in the night I woke to the sound of a quiet rain on the rain fly, which changed as I listened from a liquid pelt to a frozen scrape. When I woke again a half hour before dawn a foot of new snow lay on the ground beyond the shelter of the trees. The mare nickered as I emerged from the tent and I gave her a measure of



sweet grain from the pack. The snow went on falling and the air was colder now, behind the warm front that had preceded the storm. I dropped a compass into the pocket of my orange coat, lifted the rifle from the pine snag where it hung by the leather sling, and walked off into the silence of the gray muffled woods and the snow coming straight down between the dark pine trees.

Three hundred yards out from camp I came on the tracks of a cow elk and calf, made within the last five minutes. I stepped over them and walked on through the woods under Indian Ridge. The snow had silenced the uproar of dead leaves on the dry forest floor, now a half-inch of purple mud beneath six inches of wet snow. Mud mixed with snow filled in between the lugs of my boot soles, but the going was all right as long as I was on the level. I walked on slowly through the lightening woods, cradling the rifle in my left arm and stopping every 20 or 30 feet to stare between the trees and across small openings, until I reached the steep gorge where Roaring Fork cuts down from the ridge behind. Then I turned and started back the way I had come, only keeping a little downhill. I was halfway to camp already when I saw the fresh track of a big bull ahead in the snow.

The bull had been moving uphill at a walk from the ravine. Taking care not to step in his prints I followed him for 150 yards to where he had intersected my own, coming from camp. Here he had stopped, stiffened, turned, and headed toward the ravine again at a trot, his ungulate hoofs biting into the wet clay and scattering particles like drops of blood across the white snow. It was dark in the ravine where the firs closed up into thick forest. I hesitated, and started downhill with the gun on my shoulder, lifting one mud-laden boot after the other over the slippery logs.

The bull kept ahead by several hundred yards, never allowing me to sight him although I caught his strong bullish scent occasionally when the wind came just right. I followed him through the deep woods and into the darker gorge where, among the milling tracks of the herd, I lost him for a time before picking up the trail again, going back uphill. I shifted the heavy rifle to the opposite shoulder and began climbing out. The bootsoles were balled with snow and mud, and each time I set the up-slope foot and pressed down it slid back several inches in the wet clay. Before I reached the bench, although my wind held out, my legs were weak and aching. The tracks crossed the bench to the base of Indian Ridge and started up the cliff face, diagonally across the talus to the high rim above. By taking the mare I could cross by the horse trail a half-mile south, then ride north and pick up the track again on the forested western slope.

About the time I returned to camp the snow changed to a gray penetrating rain. I built up a fire from the supply of dry wood and considered, drinking fresh boiled coffee while raindrops hissed in the flames. Then I rose from beside the fire and got to work. In less than an hour the camp was struck and loaded and we were on our way down to Pomeroy Basin, the mare sliding behind me in the mud as I led from the knot at the end of the lead rope.

Rain fell all the time we were coming out of the mountains, and it was falling even harder in the basin. Mixing with the Indian Summer dust, the water had dropped the bottom out of the road, where the mare struggled heavily. I pulled the pack down, threw it in the truck bed, and unhooked the trailer from the pickup, while she stood miserably in the rain. Then I mounted again and rode back the way we had come to Fontenelle Creek, where we crossed by the ford and rode on across country to Kovaches' camp, where they were eating

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a late dinner inside the canvas army tent with a fire going in the woodstove. Someone gave me something hot to eat and Jerry took the mare from me, saying that he had plenty of feed to keep her with his horses until the road set up, or dried out. I drew the saddle off and stowed the tack behind the tent, and Jerry's son Todd drove me back to the truck in his Jeep, across the ford.

The truck lost traction on the first grade going south and I got out to chain up. Lying on my back in mud I chained all four tires, and got up in the cab again looking like a survivor from Burnside's Mud March. Mud slathered the Indian blanket upholstery and balled on the floor mat beneath the pedals. At the top of the hill I got out again to check the fastenings, when another truck coming north turned out alongside in the sagebrush. It was a party of Search and Rescue, looking for a woman who had been missing from her camp for nearly 24 hours. The rescuers were in high spirits, amused to recognize me in my chrysalis of mud. It had taken four hours to drive the 45 miles from Kemmerer, and mud was caked so thick in the wheel wells that the tires had barely room enough to turn.

I worked in town for two days before returning up country, taking one of the Land Cruisers with me this time. The road was set up pretty well except for the deepest holes, where the trailer would not have made it through. I fixed camp at an edge of forest above the creek, and that evening it rained again. Rain soaked the kindling that lay about in the woods and leaked through the peeled waterproofing on the old nylon tent. I ate cold antelope sandwiches with whiskey for supper, and spread a woolen blanket on the tent floor beneath the sleeping bag. By morning the rain had stopped, a muffled silence in the cold darkness. I left camp 90 minutes before first light, carrying the rifle on my shoulder and a flashlight in one hand, across Bear Trap and up the steepening trail through the dripping woods. The snow was mostly gone, washed away and evaporated except for a few pale patches off in the dark beyond the focused beam of the electric light. Already my woolen pants were caked with mud, and my feet felt encased in anvils. Nothing that was solid was left in this dark world, nothing real, nothing supportive, nothing to hold to, nor brace with, nor against. Movement was self-defeating, struggle impossible, as in a nightmare in which flight is running in place and breathing smotheration. Attempting to will myself out of the dream, I could not awake. So I kept climbing, out of the lifting darkness into the pale hopeless drear of the gathering light that suffused the soaked woods where the elk had withdrawn to the nearly impenetrable depths of the black timber, mythical creatures as mysterious and elusive as the hippogriff. Arrived finally at the steeps I pocketed the flashlight, took hold of the slender aspen trunks on either side of the trail, and pulled myself upward, hand over hand through the mud.

I hunted all day in intermittent rain under a lowering sky, through canyons and along the clouded scarps of ridges where water vapor crawled among the wind-stunted trees, stopping often to rest my legs and sometimes kindle a brief fire from the dead branches I smeared with petroleum vaseline, and toward evening began the sliding unbalanced descent to camp down the jellied mountain side. A horse trailer had jack-knifed on the switchbacks above Fontenelle, and three men in yellow rain slickers were attempting to lead the resisting horses out through the narrow space at the end of the trailer where the door was jammed hard against the cutbank. In camp the tent sagged against the poles and the fire pit enclosed a pool of ashes. Inside the tent was damp, but the wet had failed to penetrate the bedroll. I sat on it with my feet outside to remove the shapeless boots, and brought them reluctantly into the tent. A couple of antelope sandwiches were left in the daypack. I drank most of what remained of the whiskey while I ate them and found strength enough to remove the wool pants and sweater and get inside the mummy bag, which seemed like more than I could ever need or wish for throughout eternity.

When I returned to the mountains a week later the road was stiff as a frozen corpse and the iron fir trees pointed against the snowfields. I left the Land Cruiser at the crossing and started along the trail, hardened in the contortions of its last agony. A powdery snow filled the hollows and scrapes and I had to climb hard to stay warm through the fine blowing snow. The mare was safe at home but I carried in my wallet an unfilled elk tag, valid for eight hours more of daylight. The last hunting camp had been pulled out of Pomeroy Basin several days before and I was alone in the snowy mountains, with only my rifle and the staring unseen elk for company.

The knotted trail turned my ankles as I climbed, halting often to rest the pain of my lungs, seared by the Arctic cold, and eat some jerky. The snow deepened on the ground as the elevation increased and the falling snow flew thicker, driven by winds coming across Indian Ridge. Turning back to look down canyon I saw my tracks behind me, filling in with snow and drifting over. At the hogback swale east of the ridge the fresh powder reached my knees, breaking imperceptibly against the woolen leggings as I pushed on into the woods lying between the swale and the whitened cliff. I walked a long way through the woods where the snow in places barely penetrated the black canopy of the forest without finding elk, or sign of elk.

A brace of pine grouse exploded from the snow and flew into a tree at my approach. I built a fire under their roost and sat beside it on a log, watching the ragged flames evaporate the snowflakes, and the birds with their cocked heads and round eyes, staring down at me. It was white and still and perfect in the forest, miles above the binding red morass of the two-week season. After a while, when I felt warm again, I scuffed snow over the remains of the fire with the side of my boot, reached the rifle from a tree branch, and told the birds goodbye before starting out through the woods to the open park, where a snowy twilight was already coming.

As I traversed the brushy sidehill below the hogback the snow clouds tore apart and the disc of the sun burned through, wan and wobbly as if by some miracle it had become unfixed in the pale sky. Light broke suddenly against the hill, and a form appeared like a spirit upon the top of the ridge, directly below the sun. The bull raised his head as I brought the rifle up until the back points of the rack scraped the croup, and the shag of his throat was exposed. I found the heart in the crosshairs and moved up a foot above the backbone, but then I did not shoot. This was neither the time nor the place for blood, even less the driving wedge of gunshot into the absolute beauty and peace of the wilderness. Instead I lowered the gun and stripped the magazine of shells, and when I finished the light had vanished from the hill, and the bull with it. Pocketing the shells I shouldered the rifle once more, and stepped off downhill into the gathering dusk. ©

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1996 in Review

THEORY AGAINST LIFE—January 1996—George Watson on literary theory in England, Jeremy Black on the Whig approach to history, E. Christian Kopff on deconstructionism, and Irving Louis Horowitz on Thomas Szasz and the theory of mental illness. Plus Samuel Francis's review of Michael Lind's *The Next American Nation*.

PRAVDA USA: PROPAGANDA AND THE INDEPENDENT PRESS—February 1996—Philip Jenkins on the growth of media empires, Janet Scott Barlow on the rhetoric of Hillary Clinton, Robert Weissberg on public opinion polls, and Alex N. Dragnich on propaganda and the Balkans War. Plus an exposé on the Million Man March and a defense of flogging as a form of punishment.

AMERICAN POPULISM: 1896-1996—March 1996—Samuel Francis on the Middle American populism of Pat Buchanan, Jack J. Tawil on campaign finance reform, Jesse Walker on what black nationalists and the militia movement have in common, and Wayne Allensworth on Russia's neo-Nazi opposition. Plus J.O. Tate on the new editions of Raymond Chandler and William Mills's "Letter From Caucasia."

ATHENS AND JERUSALEM—April 1996—Curtis Cate on the Nietzscheans of Naumburg, Sir Hugh Lloyd-Jones on ancient Greek religion, Alain de Benoist on monotheism vs. polytheism, and Thomas Molnar on the twilight of the sacred. Plus Jacob Neusner on state-sponsored prayer and Wayne Allensworth on the revival of Russian paganism.

AUNTIE SAM: NANNY TO THE WORLD—May 1996—William R. Hawkins on social engineering in the Balkans, Doug Bandow on Uncle Sam as international nanny, R. Cort Kirkwood on foreign aid that ain't so foreign, and Congressman James Traficant on Michael New, foreign agents, and fair trade. Plus Thomas Fleming's interview with General Alexandr Lebed.

MAN IN NATURE—June 1996—Stephen R.L. Clark on conservation and animal welfare, Alston Chase on ecosystem preservation, James Catron on Catron County vs. the feds, and John C. Vinson, Jr., on conservatives and environmentalists. Plus a Western shoot-out over environmentalism between Ed Marston of *High Country News* and Chilton Williamson, Jr.

VIRTUAL DEMOCRACY—July 1996—Thomas Fleming on the tyranny of minorities, Bill Kauffman's interview with Eugene McCarthy, Paul Gottfried on regionalism vs. nationalism, and David Mastio on why Americans shouldn't vote. Plus Marc Morano's exposé on sex, drugs, and a Republican Party.

INHUMAN RIGHTS—August 1996—William R. Hawkins on the World Trade Organization, Srdja Trifkovic on the Hague Tribunal, Marshall DeRosa on the war on national sovereignty, and Bill Weber on suicide and states' rights. Plus Thomas Fleming's review of George Garrett's *The King of Babylon Shall Not Come Against You* and Nicholas Stix's crime stories from New York City.

BATTLES OF THE BOOKS: MULTICULTURALISM AND EDUCATION—September 1996—Thomas Fleming on the latest assault on the classics, Zbigniew Herbert on the significance of T.S. Eliot, George Garrett on the legacy of Shakespeare, George Watson on the multiculturalist case, and Harold O.J. Brown on the Bible past and present. Plus essays on abolishing compulsory school attendance laws and on the dirty facts about college admissions.

SEX, SIN, AND SCIENCE—October 1996—Philip Jenkins on the "one in ten" myth about homosexuals, Janet Scott Barlow on the pseudo-science of therapy, Thomas Szasz on the bogus justifications for neonatal circumcision, and Tomislav Sunic on drugs and democracy. Plus Srdja Trifkovic's review of David Owen's *Balkan Odyssey* and a report on the "holocaust" of black churches.

DON'T VOTE, IT ONLY ENCOURAGES THEM—November 1996—Robert Weissberg on elections as a means of state control, James J. Condit, Jr., on vote fraud, Clyde Wilson on the two-party stranglehold, Greg Kaza on "none of the above," and Jeremy Black on the differences between British and American elections. Plus Senator Eugene McCarthy on immigration.

SACRAMENTS, ANTI-SACRAMENTS—December 1996—Thomas Fleming on Uncle Sam as the Anti-Christ, Father Ian Boyd on the sacraments as perceived by G.K. Chesterton and Muriel Spark, Harold O.J. Brown on the sacraments of death, E. Christian Kopff on the catechisms of public education, and Philip Jenkins on teaching religion vs. religious teaching.

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